THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MAY, 1806.

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II. *An Engraving of The Hind.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRISTRAM, RURICOLA, and some others, too late for the last number will find their communications in the present.

AN old Correspondent must excuse us for omitting his derivation of Mount Noddy, in the Isle of Wight. Such phraseology as "It appears that the French had once an inclination to plunder the Wight, and murder the inhabitants," seems better calculated for a modern newspaper, than the dignity and accuracy of the historian. For the *French*, perhaps we should read, the *Danes*.—However, if he will establish the fact, he may command the *amende honorable.*

THE Extract from the Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature is received.—The writer might have spared his apology.—— General Literature will always recommend itself to us from whatever quarter it may come.

WE have already inserted the true description of a greyhound from Daniel's Rural Sports.

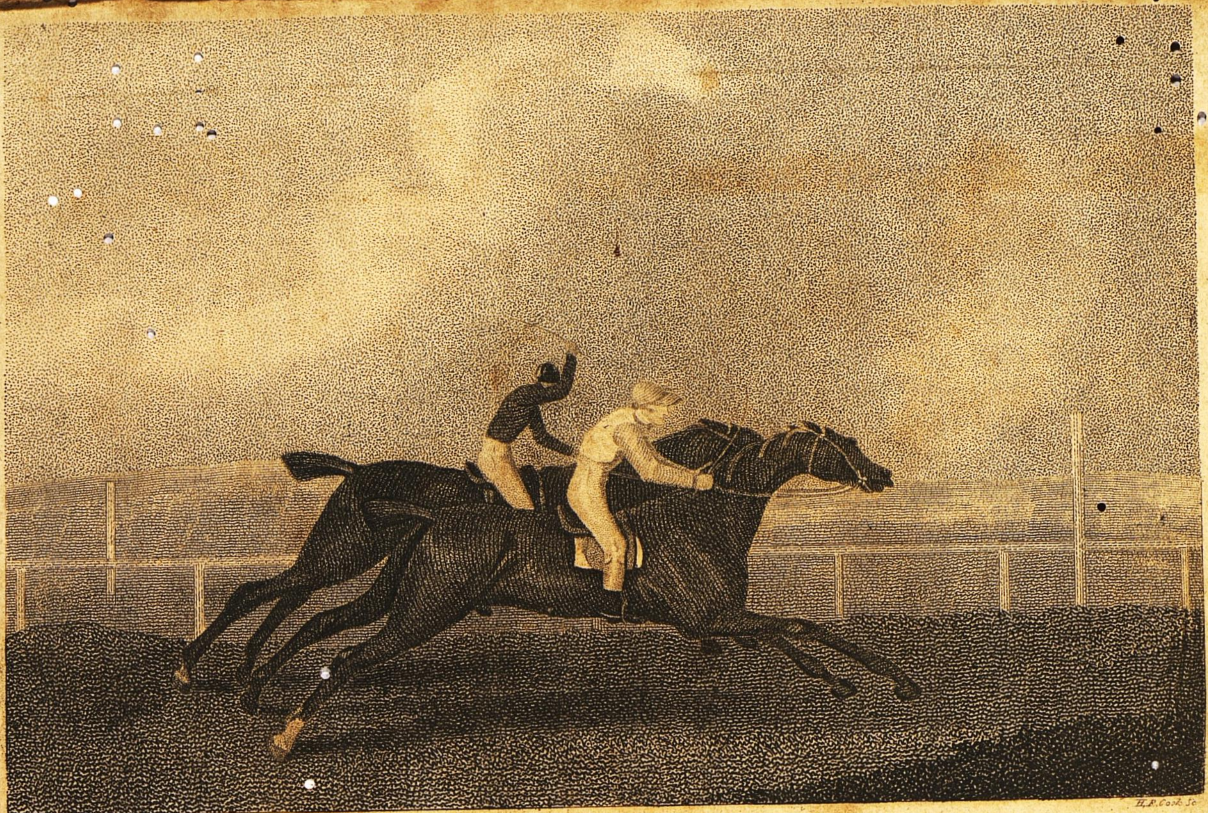
THE Panegyric on the Game Chicken, is out of tune, out of time, and therefore inadmissible. "Jenny Jenkins" bears marks of genius, but is too *sombre* for us.—Both these pieces may be returned to the Correspondents.

OUR old humorous friend, A. B. upon *Inexpressibles*, &c. is received, and is intended for insertion in our next.

THE Life of a Squire; Quintilius; and a large packet from a classical Correspondent, whose hand we recognize, &c. are received.

A SUMMARY of Epsom Races will be found in our Sporting Intelligence, page 96. The detailed accurate statement, corrected by a valuable Correspondent, will appear in our Calendar for next month.——The Stakes for Ascot are likewise mentioned in page 96.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



J.F. Sartorious, Pinx.t H.R. Cook Sc.

Sancho Beating Hannibal, at Brighton, July 26, 1805.

Pub. June 1, 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1806.

SANCHO BEATING HANNIBAL AT BRIGHTON, 1805.

A beautiful Engraving.

FOR the particulars of this race, see our Magazine for August, 1805.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE FALLEN OFF.

STUPID——D—ND STUPID.

MR. EDITOR,

IF the opinions of various and celebrated authors are deserving of credit, it seems to be the common fate of every generation of the world to be inferior to their predecessors, both in mental and bodily capacity. As I am now addressing the Sporting Magazine, it may be a fit simile, to compare this gradual diminution in the faculties of man to the tapering shape of a coachman's whip.—Amongst the other things, which, in the opinion of the world, are continually diminishing in value, I am astonished to hear the Sporting Magazine included.—"It is fallen off—it is good for nothing," is the general cry. "The Sporting Magazine is not what it was," cries my lord, as he throws it down with a negligent air. "It is not, by G—d," returns the captain, enforcing his argument with a thump which elevates all the wine glasses from their equilibrium. Thus you see, Mr. Editor, you are discarded by two of the best judges on the turf, and declared by them to be miserably fallen off. What reason shall we find for this cruel treatment? let us endeavour to find out our faults that we may correct them.—No, we ourselves cannot detect this very huge failing in our publication. Let us appeal to our accusers.—What say they? Nothing. Whither then shall the miserable Editor go? Beset and bullied on every side—accused, and not knowing of what he is accused! At last he meets a brazen-faced fellow, who *heroically* tells him—"that he has got nothing at all in him; that he is stupid, d—d stupid!!!"

And yet, notwithstanding this very great stupidity, the jockey finds in this work the lists of all the races throughout the kingdom; the fox-hunter pores over long accounts of desperate chases; the cricketer reads accounts of cricket matches: in short, although every body finds things to his taste, yet forsooth, the Sporting Magazine is "stupid, d—d stupid."

Whether you think proper or not, Mr. Editor, to insert this in your Magazine, I beg that you will receive it as a mark of the sincere respect of Your's, &c.

May 23, 1806. AMICUS.

SELECT SPORTING ARTICLES.

ON Wednesday, in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Czar Peter, 8st, and Prospero 8st 1lb, ran one of the finest races ever seen, the Ditch-in, which was won by the former by a head; and on Thursday they were tried again, for the King's Plate, 11st each, over the Round Course, when they ran so very near together, that the judge could not determine which won; but running over again, the heat was won by Czar Peter by only a head. The contest between the above two horses, on both days, is allowed to be equal, if not superior, to any ever remembered; especially as they did not vary one second in their running.—Czar Peter was rode by F. Buckle, and Prospero by William Arnold, both of whom rode in a very superior style of excellence, and gave the highest satisfaction to the amateurs of the turf.

Sir Frank Standish's Brother to Stamford, who won a Stakes of 1100gs in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, and a Stakes of 550gs in the First Spring Meeting, has been since sold to Lord Foley, with his engagements, for 2000gs.—He was named for the Derby Stakes, and the Produce Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. nine Subscribers, at Epsom;—see Epsom Races in our present number, page 96.—He is also named for a Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. nine Subscribers, in the Newmarket First October Meeting; and for the Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. sixteen Subscribers, in the York August Meeting, 1807.—Lord Foley has since named him *Paris*, and engaged him as follows:—In the Newmarket First October Meeting, 1806, Cardinal Beaufort, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb, against Paris, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb.—Ab. M. 200gs.—In the First Spring Meeting, 1807, against Achilles, (the winner of the Newmarket Stakes) 8st 3lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs.—And in the Second Spring Meeting, Paris, 8st 7lb, against Bronze, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Sitwell has sold Clasher by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, to Sir John Shelley, for 1000gs, and was to pay 200gs more, provided he won the Derby Stakes at Epsom on the 22d instant. He is also named for a Stakes of 30gs each, 10gs forfeit, eleven Subscribers, at Pontefract; and for the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, thirty-nine Subscribers, at Doncaster.

Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. lately sold Sir Bertrand to Mr. Thomas Kirby, of York, who shipped him at Hull on the 10th instant, for Petersburgh. He was bred by the late Mr. H. Goodricke, and got by Beningbrough; his dam, Drowsy, (Dotterel and Susan's dam) by Drone, out of the England Mare, dam of Trincalo, Manilla, Imperatrix, Didapper, &c. He is a dark bay, 16 hands high, with great bone and strength, and very promising to fetch a high price in that country.

Mr. Kirby also purchased Miss Welham of Mr. Joseph Acred, (the owner of the stallion Hyacinthus) and sent her away with Sir Bertrand and several others.—She was got by Screveton; her dam, Miss Cogden, (Stourton, Carmarthen, and Marchioness's dam) by Phænomenon; out of Baron Nile's dam, by Young Marsk.

Preston Races will commence on the eighth of July, and is expected to be the most fashionable and numerous meeting ever known there.—The Stakes, Plates, &c. exceed

ceed those of any former year, viz. First Day.—A Match between Ld Derby's Grazier and Sir W. Gerard's b c by Beningbrough, two miles, for 200gs; and a 50l. Plate for maiden horses, &c. three-mile heats.——Second Day.—The Union Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, twenty-one Subscribers, for all ages, four miles; a 50l. Plate, given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, for three and four-yr olds, two-mile heats; and a Match between Sir T. D. Hesketh's colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, and Sir W. Gerard's ch f by Mr. Teazle, two miles, for 50gs.——Third Day.—A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, nine Subscribers, for all ages, four miles; and a Purse of 50l. given by Lord Stanley and Samuel Horrocks, Esq. for all ages, four-mile heats. The favourites for the Cup are Minto, brother to Agonistes; Trafalgar, by Delpini; Warrior and Honest Starling, both by Sir Peter Teazle.—The betting at present, is 6 to 4 against Minto, 6 and 7 to 4 against Trafalgar, even betting between Trafalgar and Warrior, and 5 to 4 Trafalgar against Honest Starling.

[*For the Nominations of the above Cup and Stakes, see the Racing department in our Magazine for February last, page* 42.]

Chatham Races.—The morning of Wednesdey, May 14th, was very unfavourable for the sports which were to take place, and it was generally apprehended that the ground would be entirely unfit for racing. The rain ceased, however, a little before twelve, when the company began to arrive on the ground, and by half past twelve an immense number of spectators had assembled, and the plain, around which the course extended, was covered with carriages, horses, and pedestrians; it was computed that nearly ten thousand persons were present.

The first race commenced a little before one. It was a two-mile heat for 50gs; when Capt. Latour's b. g. Constitution, 12st, beat Lord Saltoun's ch. g. Cantab, 12st.

This was a well contested race, and run neck and neck from the entrance of the distance ground, almost to the winning post.

Bye-match.—Mr. Marsac's br. m. Flighty, beat Mr. Allix's m. Miss Quack.—Won easy.

Fifty guineas, two miles.—Capt. Latour's br. g. Pelican, 7st, beat Lord Saltoun's ch. g. Cantab, 12st.—Won easy.

A Handicap Sweepstakes, of 5gs each.—Thirty Subscribers.

	st	lb
Mr Rous's br h Highlander	12	2
Mr Rous's b m Gossip....	11	4
Mr Marsac's br m Flighty.	11	0
Capt. Jones's bl m.......	10	10
Capt. Latour's br g Pelican	10	7
Capt. Latour's b g Constitution	11	8

Won by Pelican, but very closely contested by Highlander and Constitution.

Tuesday, May 6, the gentlemen of the H. H. C. held their anniversary meeting on Soberton Down, Hants. The fineness of the day, together with the beautiful landscape of the country, and the very great respectability of the company, greatly enlivened the scene; whilst the pleasing intercourse of the gentlemen with the farmers, gave great hopes of future sport to the amateurs of the noble diversion of fox-hunting.

For the Member's Cup.

Mr Minchin's b m Miss Andrews...............	1	2	1
Mr Powlett's b h Telegraph	2	1	2
Mr Batler's ch h Crookshanks..............	3	3	3

The

The contest lay principally between the two first, and great display of good riding was exhibited in the two last heats, to the cost of many knowing ones.

For Mr. P. Powlett's Cup.

Mr Lavington's b h........	1	1
Mr Hoad's ch m	3	3
Mr Steel's b m	5	4
Mr W. Stares's b m.........	2	2
Mr Holloway's b m........	4	5
Mr Dore's ch h..........	6	6
Mr Horne's b h..........	7	dr

The three first horses being disqualified, the prize was unanimously adjudged by the members to Mr. W. Stares.

GOODWOOD RACES.—The races at Goodwood—see Calendar—on Wednesday and Thursday, were attended by an immense number of nobility and gentry. Carriages of every description, many of them from Brighton, were on the race-ground. The weather was remarkably fine; and the situation for a race-course, in point of prospect, is greatly superior to any in this kingdom, having the advantage both of a beautiful sea and land view. The Duke of Richmond has erected some temporary rooms near the starting-post, where he accommodated many hundred ladies and gentlemen with refreshment. The Duke was on the course each day, on horseback, accompanied by Miss Le Clerc; and we observed with pleasure that his Grace looked remarkably well. The city of Chichester was very full of company, and lodging and accommodation were much more reasonable than in any other place at race time. The theatre, both on Wednesday and Thursday had a very crowded and brilliant audience.—On Thursday, there was a ball and elegant supper at the Town Hall, which was crowded. Among the company were several of the nobility, and some of the handsomest ladies in the kingdom. Indeed, it has often been said, that there are more handsome women in Sussex than any other county in England.

OTTER HUNTING.

ON Thursday the 24th ult. the hounds of Andrew Corbet, Esq. of Acton Reynald, in the county of Salop, threw off at Ternhill; and opposite Fordall hit on a drag, which led them to a covered drain between the two pools, at Buntingsdale, from which an otter was immediately bolted into the lower pool, where he shewed excellent sport for forty minutes, and was killed in high style. A small bull bitch of Mr. Corbet's, and two terriers, being absent during the fight, induced the huntsman to go to the head of the drain again. From the smoke that issued, and the rumbling noise within, he was soon convinced of the bloody engagement that was going on; and upon putting two fresh terriers in, the bull bitch loosed the otter, and they all came dashing into the pool, to the great joy of the by-standers. After making many efforts to gain the river below, without effect, he was obliged to yield to numbers.

On Friday the same hounds resumed the sport, throwing off at Brooks-Mill, near Combermere, in Cheshire, where they were again successful, in finding and killing a a large dog otter.

On Saturday, this famous pack threw off at Norton, above Drayton, and came down water to Peetswood pools, where they found a remarkable large otter, weighing 23lb. which was speared by Mr. Davies, after a chase of two hours.

RACES

RACES TO COME.

YORK Spring Meeting, June		2
Beverley		9
Ascot-Heath		10
Newton		11
Tenbury		11
Winchester		17
Bibury		23
Chelmsford		24
Ipswich	July	1
Stamford		1
Salisbury		2
Stockbridge		3
Newmarket July Meeting		7
Preston		8
Swansea		16
Huntingdon	Aug.	5
Egham		26
Lincoln	Sept.	10
Kingscote		16

Stewards, &c. for the above Meetings, viz.

York.—John Grimston and R. C. Burton, Esqrs. Mr. R. W. Rhodes, Clerk.

Beverley.—Robert Christie Burton and James Torre, jun. Esqrs. Mr. Lockwood, Clerk.

Ascot-Heath.—Rt. Hon. the Earl of Albemarle. Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Newton.—Edward N. Kershaw and Thomas Gillibrand, Esqrs.

Tenbury.—John Giles, Esq. Mr. E. Burnell, Clerk.

Winchester.——Richard Goodlad, Esq.

Ipswich.——Mr. John Prentice, Clerk.

Stamford.—Lord Henniker, and E. Hartopp, Esq. Mr. R. Saile, Clerk.

Stockbridge.——A. A. Powell, Esq.

Preston.—S. Harrocks and Thomas Gillibrand, Esqrs. Mr. W. Brade, jun. Clerk.

Swansea.—Sir R. L. Blosse, Bart. and Thomas Wyndham, Esq. Mr. H. Smith, Clerk.

Egham.——Benjamin Torin, Esq. Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Lincoln.—Sir John Trollope, Bart. and Francis Chaplin, Esq. Mr. John Drury, Clerk.

N. B.—Beverley Races mentioned in our last to commence on Wednesday the 11th of June, has since been altered to Monday the 9th, in consequence of several additional Stakes having been made to be run there. They close on Friday the 13th, and much company is expected.—A Long Main of Cocks will be fought during the week.

COCKINGS.

CHESTER.

IN the Race-Week, a Main of Cocks between Sir Peter Warburton, Bart.—Cheshire—and Sir Windsor Hunloke, Bart.—Derbyshire.

Cheshire.	M	B	*Derbyshire.* M	B
Monday	4	0	3	2
Tuesday	4	0	3	2
Wednesday	6	1	1	1
Thursday	4	1	3	1
Friday	4	0	3	1
	22	2	13	7

AT PRESTON.

ON Monday in the Race-Week, a Long Main of Cocks will commence fighting between the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, and Richard Crosse, Esq. for 10gs a Battle, and 200gs the Main.——Feeders, Goodhall, for Lord Derby; and Gilliver for Mr. Crosse.

SPORTING

SPORTING SUBJECTS.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1806.

PREPARATIONS for a horse-race.—A. Dubost.

A hovel with asses.—R. Brooke.

Portrait of Colonel Thornton —the hawke by P. Reinagle, A.—Stroehling.

Evening, with a stage-coach.—P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.

Mares and foals in His Majesty's stud at Windsor.—R. B. Davis.

Portrait of a mongrel fighting dog.—W. H. Davis.

Wounded stag.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Portrait of a famous hunter and hack mare, the property of Sir F. Boynton, Bart.—H. B. Chalon.

Esterhazy and Gaberlourie, famous hunters, the property of Colonel Thornton.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a famous hunter, the property of A. Roberts, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of an old hunter, the property of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland.—R. B. Davis.

Angling.—J. Hammond.

Portraits of famous hunters, the property of Sir F. Boynton, Bart. —H. B. Chalon.

A race-ground.—J. L. Agasse.

Hounds drawing cover, and just finding.—D. Wolstenholme.

Sea-shore: horses bathing.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Portrait of a hunter, belonging to Mr. Maskall.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portraits of aged horses.—E. A. Spilsbury.

A fox-chase, in Leicestershire. —C. L. Smith, Esq. H.

View of the interior of Mr. Harrison's veterinary shop: horses shoeing, &c.—D. Wolstenholme.

A landscape and cattle: evening. —F. Reinagle.

The tyger.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Buck-hunting in the forest of Bowland, Yorkshire, with the portrait of Robert Shaw—aged 84—keeper to T. L. Parker, Esq.—J. Northcote, R. A.

Portraits of Mr. and Lady Fleming.—J. J. Masquerier.

Portrait of J. G. Shaddick, Esq. the celebrated sportsman.—B. Marshall.

Coursing in Hatfield-park, with portraits of horses belonging to the Marchioness of Salisbury.—J. F. Sartorius.

Landscape with figures, and cattle fording.—P. Reinagle, A.

Portraits of Col. and Mrs. Thornton.—J. R. Smith.

Hounds running gallantly into a fox in view.—D. Wolstenholme.

A park scene, bucks.—E. Kennion.

Landscape, with figures, and cattle going to a fair.—H. W. Bunbury, Esq. H.

Portraits of celebrated bull-dogs, the property of H. Boynton, Esq. —H. B. Chalon.

The mad bull.—V. Huet.

Portrait of a horse.—J. N. Sartorious.

African animals and scenery.—S. Daniell.

Dogs.—W. J. Strutt.

Bitterns fighting.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Mr. Gilpin.—W. Sherlock.

The bird's-nest.—R. Unwin.

Portrait of Snowball, a celebrated greyhound, the property of Major Topham.—H. B. Chalon.

North front of the stables built at Brighton, for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.—W. Porden.

Bust of S. Gilpin, Esq. R. A. —G. Garrard, A.

Fairlop Tree, with a view of Epping-forest.—L. J. Cossé.

A fox's head.—W. Fisher.

A stag chase.—W. Fisher.

H. Pearce, the celebrated pugilist.—R. Johnston.

ON

ON THE TREATMENT OF HORSES.

UNNECESSARY SPEED, &c.

WHILE an additional, a cruel speed is communicated to commercial intercourse, public intelligence, or private correspondence, and considerable landed estates often depend on a three-mile heat, I see with pleasure, that the gratitude or the quick-sighted self-interest of the age, has of late directed public attention to the medical treatment of the generous steed, who in the important and interesting junctures of love, business, and war, so essentially contributes to the interest, the pleasure, and often the preservation of his master.

I would pay a just tribute of applause to the promoters of the Veterinary College, which promises to rescue this much injured race from the hands of ignorance, or misguided pretenders; yet I anticipate with concern various obstacles in the way of improvement, from our want of knowledge of remote and proximate causes, from the impossibility of patients of this description giving any information, and from inveterate prejudice, which in this, as in every other attempt at improvement, will rise up in arms to combat with violence or ridicule, every deviation from the beaten road.

In my rural wanderings, instigated I hope by honourable motives, I have occasionally ventured to stand forth in behalf of an aged, a diseased, or a wounded horse; I have cautiously and diffidently observed, that aloes, diapente, and grains of paradise, could not in every instance be proper equestrian purges; that the famous horse-balls bought at a neighbouring market-town might be injurious, as they were recommended in affections of the most opposite nature; that hot-messes, closed-up stables, and multiplied body-cloaths might be injurious to an exhausted, perhaps a feverish creature, who gave every indication of the most earnest longing for cool drinks, green meat, gentle exercise, and fresh air; lastly, I have presumed to say, than an indiscriminate use of the fleam, rowelling, blistering, and cramming into sores and wounds hard pieces of tow, armed with turpentine, precipitate, and caustic oils, might sometimes be productive of mischief; my suggestions in most instances have been laughed at or neglected, and not unfrequently repaid with the abuse of irritated brutality, or the insulting cant of ignorant imposture.

I lament that in certain late publications on these subjects, the well-informed zeal of the writers has been evidently stimulated or debased by the malignity of personal resentment; these ingenious authors, to whom the public is certainly indebted for correct statement and candid confession, seem to forget that it is very possible to differ with their cotemporaries without descending to virulent altercation, and that no very favourable impression will be made on the public, by their mutual endeavours to vilify the motives, and degrade the moral character of each other. I am inclined to think, that in the treatment or prevention of diseases in the brute creation, much remains to unlearn; that from ill-founded theories, rash conclusions, and the necessity of doing something they scarce knew what, our forefathers were frequently in the habit of pursuing means injurious or inadequate, without a clear conception of the end they had in view. Of these mysterious errors, many instances might

might be given, but one shall suffice. I know men of property and good sense, who, at times when their flocks and cattle have been thinned, scatter or bury quantities of quicksilver, sealed up in quills, over their fields, and, as they imagine, with manifest advantage.

THIS article must not conclude without hazarding an opinion on the improved celerity of our mail conveyance, I trust, without danger of offence to the well-paid acuteness of Mr. Palmer, or the unassuming industry of Mr. Bonner, who is said to possess the merit without the rewards of original invention. I wish not to derange the harmony of ministerial smiles, disturb the slumbers of self-approbation, or exasperate anew the acrimony of official disputes; but let me ask them as men of feeling, indeed every individual whose breast is not wholly insensible to the soft calls of humanity, if any advantages procured by the modern harassing arrangements can compensate for annually torturing and putting to a cruel death, hundreds of animals, superior in every respect to the savages who lash and destroy them: devoting the portion of time allotted them, to intoxication or contraband traffic, they endeavour to make up for their own unnecessary delays, by a merciless exercise of their infernal whips on the bleeding flanks and panting sides of their exhausted cattle.— But hark! the object of their ardent wishes is attained: the smoking vehicle rattles o'er the pavement, the time-piece is triumphantly produced, and the appointed hour is kept.—But still I say *cui bono*.— For what is all this hurry, bustle, and confusion? this labour by day, this uproar at night? The politician is enabled to have the evening intelligence printed and served up with his morning coffee; the stock-jobber is enabled by friendly information, to buy in advantageously in the three per cents; the merchant is cheered with orders and remittances; the impatient damsel is solaced by amorous effusions from her absent lover; the Aristocrat and Democrat are alternately enraptured or mortified, by regal triumphs or popular defeats. But, in the name of mercy or common sense, would not every one of these important points be as effectually answered, by the mails arriving two, three, or four hours later? without such cruel, such excessive efforts, which in matters of life and death, or great national concern, might meet with some allowances.

An instance is on record, of a blood of the turf possessed of an excellent horse, which after winning several plates by matchless efforts, excited the avarice of his owner, in consequence of an immense bet, to reduce him to the state of a gelding, and immediately after the bloody operation to run him for a considerable sum: the poor creature was successful, but dropped down dead as he was led to the stable. Few who peruse these effusions, and none who know their writer, will suspect him of harbouring despotic principles; yet I cannot help confessing, that in the example recited, I should have been ardently desirous of possessing absolute power; in that case I would have instantly ordered the blood-thirsty cannibal to be bound hand and foot, and after retaliating on the worthless biped the injuries of the generous quadruped, the conoiseur in horse-flesh should have been flogged over the race-ground, and shared his punishment with a party of mail-coachmen, post-masters, hard-hearted projectors, post-boys, and foolish unfeeling young men, infamous for riding horses to death.

SCRUTATOR.

THE VIEW HOLLOW.

A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

THE hounds were in the town, and the horns were blowing under the window of the Inn where I lay; Lord ..... lay in the next room: I heard him curse the horns for disturbing the town.—Now his Lordship's horns had, a few years ago, made a noise over the whole country. "Shame! shame!" exclaimed Captain O'Carrol, "his Majesty has been up above an hour, and the hounds are ordered out."

We had just finished breakfast when the hunters appeared. His Majesty and the Prince were in the midst.—There were ladies in military uniforms, and lords dressed like grooms.

The Prince turned his eye every where, and on every one; the ladies sought to meet it. They looked up, they looked down, they looked to the right, they looked to the left. Women have a natural aversion to looking straight forward; and that is the reason so many of them are apt to stumble, by making retrograde steps. The crab step is the most dangerous of all to woman; for woman is never in such danger as when attempting to make an honourable retreat.—There is more safety even in facing the enemy.—The ladies sought the Prince's eye, and when they met it they blushed: If the Prince bowed, the blush increased. "You see"—said I to Sophia, pointing to the Prince and to the ladies—"you see with what authority, and to what effect, wealth and independence and elevated station recommend a man to the hearts of women." "You have mistated the case," answered Sophia; "look again, and you will see the ladies are recommending themselves."—Sophia was right; every pretty foot looked boldly from under the petticoat—every handsome hand was ungloved. "But sure you are not surprised;" continued Sophia—"for since love has made his favours matter of barter, a title and fortune give a man the most unexceptionable credit on love's exchange: but, exclusive of the elevated situation of the Prince, I see no man in his company whose face and appearance promises more——" "More what?" interrupted I. "Why more, more—more—more—I don't know what," answered Sophia peevishly, but with an arch significant smile. Let the most beautiful duchess in Great Britain translate that smile into plain English.

Turning towards Captain O'Carrol, who had not uttered a syllable since the royal troop appeared, I found him wrapt in meditation.—"I am considering," said the Captain, heaving a deep sigh, "what a glorious figure the Prince would make at the head of an army—his appearance is truly military.—A prince to an army is as a soul to a body!" "But consider," said I, "policy forbids the heir apparent from risking his life in services of danger."—"And why not remove him from amusements of danger," said O'Carrol.

By this time the hunters had disappeared; and in about twenty minutes a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chace to the best advantage from the back door of the house.—The buck, to which the huntsman had given the indulgence of but short law, came bounding down a slope, closely pursued by the hounds in full cry; the hunters close in with the dogs—halloo, tantivy, tantivy, at every stretch. "This is a view hollow," said I, turning to O'Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised: but finding neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, and ran right a-head, and in so doing, crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood. The dogs and men passed on; two ladies passed on, pushing their horses with courage and vigour, which would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons—A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chace—it was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one, with whip and spur she urged her courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the horse, jerking his rider from his back into the midst of the ditch. We ran to her assistance—she was *topsy-turvy*. "This is a *view* hollow," said O'Carrol, turning to me.—Sophia retired a few paces. "We must fix her on her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the bindings of her petticoats—I followed his example. An old virtuoso came up; he took out his glass—"I believe she is a peeress," said he, "by the coronet on her saddle." It was not possible to turn the lady to either one side or the other. A labourer came to our assistance—he got under the lady, and raised her. "Bless my eyes," exclaimed the labourer, "her heels are where her head ought to be."—"It is a *deep hole*," said the virtuoso, peeping into the ditch.—"Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world," observed a lame beggar with a malicious smile. Having got the lady upon the bank, and set all things to rights, Sophia advanced with a smelling bottle, and, chafing her temples, she was soon restored to herself: she had received but little hurt that we could see, and she declared she felt none.—"But I fear I shall be thrown out," said the lady; so courtseying thanks to Sophia, and smiling thanks to O'Carrol and me, with our help she mounted her hunter—cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut to avoid the misfortune of being thrown out, was soon out of sight, and we returned to the cottage. TRISTRAM.

A RAMBLE

From Newport to Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight.

Carisbrook Castle—Whitgar's Brook—Newtown—The Bugle—Yarmouth—Holcar, the Asiatic Wanderer—The Benevolent Paria—Reflections.

When happiness came down to bless mankind,
She rang'd the globe a peaceful seat to find;
Fame flew before her, to direct her flight,
And ev'ry realm brought novelties to light:
Now, here her eyes the spicy isles survey,
Now—frontier kingdoms near the spring of day,
Enrich'd with beauties, rob'd in silks and plumes,
Adorn'd with gems, and scented with perfumes;
But when she saw the abject slaves endure
The yoke of lawless will and boundless pow'r;
Sham'd that the human form should bend so base,
Retrac'd her travel through ætherial space.
Still sought a spot polluted less with guile,
And fix'd her seat at length—in Vecta's isle.

AT an early hour the hammers of industry were merrily chiming through the streets of Newport, I thought it disgraceful to be dozing while care and vigilance were gratifying the claims of society; so

so leaped from the pillow of my repose, and after my usual sacrifice to decency, sallied forth with my sturdy oak and my dog Tray, and took my way to the celebrated Lactarium on Mount Noddy, where having breakfasted, I proceeded to

CARISBROOK CASTLE;

A piece of antiquity particularly worthy the attention of the enlightened traveller. It was once a considerable fortress, and built by Whitgar, a favourite of Cardick, king of the West Saxons, to whom that monarch gave the island. It was afterwards improved by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devon, in the time of Henry the First; and, as appears over the gateway of the principal entrance, repaired by Queen Elizabeth; but it is now suffered to go rapidly to decay, and is become totally defenceless. Although the hill on which this castle stands has few to exceed it for height in the island, yet it is plentifully supplied with water of the purest nature, drawn up from a well 72 yards in depth, by the labour of a very docile ass, running in a wheel for that purpose. The keep is yet a memento of the former strength and consequence of this castle; it continues on all public occasions to exhibit the royal standard of England, and to afford much gratification to the visitor.—The great room, where Charles I. was confined a state prisoner, has fallen to rubbish, and no part to be seen but the casement, where—as we are told by the guide—that misguided prince was wont to sit, and lament the blood which his favourite Strafford occasioned to flow through his miserable kingdom of Ireland. The old chapel is converted into a beautiful nursery for prime plants and exotics.—Flowering shrubs and evergreens are now the substitutes for congregated devotees; and instead of the solemn songs of devotion, the robin-redbreast exults in the solitude, and the little wren sometimes blends his sonnets with a quick-timed treble.

The governor's house, or rather apartments, have but little to recommend them, except a *belle vue*, and that kind of hospitality which always distinguishes the gentleman from the mercenary. The ditches and glacis round the castle are all visible, and lined with a most delicious velvet verdure spotted with myriads of wild flowers. The bee-orchis, though not in abundance, is here in the highest perfection; the blossom of this plant so nearly resembles the living insect whose name it bears, that a stranger conceives for a moment a number of bees assembled to draw sweets from the herb before him, and at a nearer view he is greatly disappointed to find in vegitation only the resemblance of this busy honey-making creature:—

Nature in doubt, a beauteous flow'r
  Or insect to disclose,
At length beneath her forming pow'r
  They both in union rose.

Ladies visiting the island are frequently seen tracing the soft linings of these ancient excavations, in search of this little delusive favourite, and the discovery is always attended with much exultation.

From these venerable remains of Saxon antiquity, I descended to the peaceful village of

WHITGAR'S BROOK.

The waters of the well I have before mentioned at the great depth of 72 yards permeate through the gravelly base of the mountain, and rise again with most soothing murmurs in different parts of the pretty town under the castle, as it is called, forming, together with the aged trees

and

and shrubs that overshadow their margin, an aquatic scene prodigiously fine and romantic; while the overflowing currents, taking a serpentine direction, feed in their way many a dam for the industrious miller, and are at last lost in the bosom of the sweet Medina.

The Church of Carisbrook is in all parts a very well built structure, capacious, and filled with appropriate adornments; the architecture is of a very early century, and its magnificent tower enriched with light musical bells, which to listen to from the ramparts of the above-mentioned castle, is to enjoy a most delectable sensation. A society of bell-ringers from London frequently make a pilgrimage to this village; they are here at present, and the tenor-ringer, a very respectable man, assures me—that for a clear silvery tone, few bells in England are to be found to excel the bells of Carisbrook; and that they surpass in harmony all that has been written of the ancient Turketule and Tolvin, of Croyland; nor can the celebrated bells of Fairfield, in Gloucestershire—the next place, it seems, to which these musical wanderers are progressing—compare with them.

On quitting Carisbrook for Yarmouth, the road soon becomes very interesting, and continues so all the way to the sea. In the way to Calbourne and Swainston the traveller has to pass over a small knole, on the top of which stands the farm-house so much delighted in by G. Morland, the painter, when he prudently secluded himself from his retrograde associates. The oak he so often copied in all its grandeur is here, and many of those domestic appurtenances with which he adorned his scenes of rude art, mingled with sublimest nature. The grape-vine-covered seat before this peaceful cottage is the same the artist has been frequently seen to sit in, with a small table before him, enjoying at the same time his pipe and pot, and making sketches to enrich the port-folios of the collectors; and where—had Morland taken the advice of his best friend, Dr. Lynn—he would have remained: had he done so, in all probability at this moment Morland had been alive, and still at the head of his delectable profession.

Pleased with the recollection of these things, I set me under the same shadow that had sheltered the artist, and the muse being in good humour, taught me to sing the beauties which had so often employed the pencil of poor George.

The mind at ease, the frame in health,
Reclus'd from fools, unaw'd by wealth,
Here from the haunts of busy men,
Let me oft sing the rural glen;
While to the blackbird in full song,
The ploughman whistles all day long:
Here let me sit in Morland's seat,
While all the sylvan graces meet;
And as the landscape round I view,
Recount the scenes his pencil drew,
While round, to fascinate the eye
All the shrubs that blossom try.
The straw-cap'd hovel, faint to see,
Beneath the flow'ring elder tree;
The wreathy path that mounts the hill,
By rustics form'd with little skill;
The old stone barn that rears its head,
With moss and ivy overspread;
And the once consecrated tow'r,
Torn by time's imperious pow'r;
And where the kine stands quiet by,
Milk'd by the maid Simplicity;
And where, to terminate the scene,
The sea peeps in the hills between—
Here, Morland, let me imitate
All but thy follies and thy fate.

Having passed the runlet of water at the foot of this knole by a path somewhat circuitous, I came in sight of the ancient borough of

NEWTOWN,

Now remarkable for little more than its delapidated state, and its venality.

Except

Except a few neatly plaistered houses, which face the water, and the remains of the ivy-covered walls, the traveller will not find much here to attract his attenion; yet taken in one point of view, it must be acknowledged, from the party-coloured patch-work of the dwellings, that the old Borough exhibits a picture by no means unpleasant; and it calls to the recollection of the man of reading what Cæsar, Strabo, and Tacitus have said of the British towns bordering on the south coasts of our country:—"The walls of their houses are principally made of mud and hurdles, the latter of which are plaistered over with different sorts of clay, of various colours, red, blue, yellow, and white, which make a splendid appearance where distance prevents the meanness of the materials from offending the sight." Upon the whole, the situation of Newtown is exceedingly pleasant, and far away from the bustle of society; but notwithstanding the pleasantness of the situation for a philosophic mind to repair to, no man possessing the virtuous spirit of patriotism can leave Newtown without a sigh, and a wish that it were emasculated from the great body of English representation; for Newtown is politically rotten, and its venality has become proverbial throughout the whole island. I but notice these things as they come in my way—*en passant*—yet cannot help observing, as one who loves the constitution of his country, upon the impropriety in giving the power to this handful of borough-mongers to do mischief to a mighty nation, while such majestic towns as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and others, where exist near a million of souls, and every one of them without the power to serve his country in the time of peril. Can Englishmen boast the freedom of election while such a system is allowed to prevail? Can that be called a fair representation where men are permitted to buy their own seats in parliament? I think not; at any rate, it cannot be a return of the people.—What is it then? Nor more nor less than a man returning himself, and mocking the people with an empty show of election.—"Hence," says the ingenious author of the Task—

> "Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues;
> And burgers, men immaculate perhaps
> In all their private functions, once combin'd,
> Become a loathsome body, only fit
> For dissolution! hurtful to the main!!!

The quicker these diseased limbs are amputated, the sooner will our polluted body politic recover its pristine health and vigour.

From Newtown I crossed the harbour to Cranmore, and having visited Kingwood, took the high road to the Yar. The shores and the rising grounds became more and more picturesque as I approached the Needle Rocks, and a view of Limington, in the new forest, appeared to be at this moment uncommonly interesting; I stood to describe it on my tablets, and after a Ramble of three hours and a half came in sight of another

BUGLE.

It has been asked by many how this sign became such a favourite in the Isle of Wight, and no where to be met with in its neighbourhood. We have had, say they, the Bugle at Cowes, the Bugle at Newport, the Bugle at Carisbrook, the Bugle at Newtown, at Yarmouth, and elsewhere—

As I have never seen this partiality accounted for, I shall endeavour

vour to give you an explanation. It is a well known fact, that on any extraordinary public occasion, the inn and tavern keepers have not been backward to commemorate on their sign-posts the popular occurrence. At the coming of the present royal family, the White-horse of Hanover became the ensign of the tapster; at the union with Scotland, the Crown, with the Rose and Thistle, adorned our sign-posts; and after Vernon's conquest in South America, the siege of Portobello was seen to fill up that lofty station; the fall of Quebec has been for many years the favourite frontispiece to our ale shops; and many other instances, were they necessary, are to be adduced. It appears then no way improbable to me, that when Nevile, the great Earl of Warwick, that setter-up and puller-down of kings, was himself made King of the Isle of Wight by Edward IV. the publicans of this island availed themselves of the occurrence, and hung out the Bugle or Wild Bull, for such were the supporters to the arms of their new sovereign. In some situations the bull not only appears to have been collared, chained, and spotted with gold, but made to speak the motto still used by the descendants of that house—"Ne vile velis,"—from no mean wish, but from a very commendable one, I make no doubt, to shew their attachment to Warwick, and to his friends, that they in turn might prefer so much loyalty, and condescend to stop in their way and partake of the good cheer under the Bugle. In some places, however, the Bull's Horn is now a substitute for the Bull; and in other places, the Head, without any Horns at all. But these changes in the course of time are no way extraordinary; they stare an intelligent man in the face in every town throughout the kingdom. A singular perversion of this sort occurred relative to "The Three Leeks of Greenwich," which is recorded in No. 140 of your Magazine, page 92.

YARMOUTH.

This borough town is equally venal with that I had left behind, but of greater dimensions considerably, and in all respects of more consequence. The town is well stocked with good inns, an excellent market, and a very ample, though ugly, old church, becoming the population. The river Yar separates the town westward from the Needles, which rise romantically beautiful at the distance of three miles from the borough. Here is a small fort for defence, but Hurst-castle on the opposite shore is sufficient for that purpose, and only to be depended upon, for no ship of war can pass into the Solant waters but through a channel immediately under the rake of the guns of that strong fortress. The ferry, at all times passable for man and horse, is about a mile over; passing between the town and Limington, where post chaises may be had, and at Lindhurst in the new forest, from whence a traveller, through the finest road in all England, may in the space of two hours be set down in the charming town of Southampton. Pleasure boats may be had here at the shortest notice; and nothing can surpass the beauty of the windings of the Yar to Freshwater, or round the Needles to Pool harbour, or to the eastward, to see the incubatory birds of the white cliffs, where there is a tavern at the landing place, at all times affording the best accommodation to the man of pleasure, or to the artist who travels to improve himself from the sublime efforts

forts of nature, which are to be found here in a superabundant degree.

As I was sauntering at the mouth of the Yar, I beheld a ship's boat coming from the Christ Church side; the men seemed to pull with great spirit, and the person at the helm being of a sable complexion, my attention was particularly attracted, and I soon recognised

HOLCAR,

The Asiatic wanderer. As the keel of the boat drove up the strand, he leaped on the shore, and we embraced as two friends who had long been absent from each other. He told me he had been out with a cargo of human souls, and had landed them safe in Pool Harbour: three of them were unfortunate Welshmen, shipwrecked the night before; the rest a soldier's wife and her two boys, going to comfort her poor sick husband in the camp near Dorchester. That finding no one inclined to do them this little service without remuneration, he had borrowed the boat and men of Captain Coffin, and had only performed a duty by which he had the satisfaction to make six fellow-creatures apparently happy. We walked together towards the town, and presently entered the house of Mrs. Stevens, the Bugle, at Yarmouth, to whom Holcar introduced me as his friend, and then, with a promise presently to return, retired to make himself fit for company. My Asiatic adventurer soon returned quite gay in his apparel, and as full of spirits as I could wish to see him; he ran over the old affair at Windsor, and told me all his disappointments and pleasures from his quitting that seat of royalty to the hour of his arrival at Yarmouth.

The company became large, and the conversation diffusive. In our part of the coffee-room it turned principally on the pursuits of the moderns, the frivolity of their manners and their amusements, and on the general neglect of manly exercises, and particularly on the decline of hospitality; when it was observed, by way of contradiction, that no part of the world exhibited that virtue in more purity than England. Whether Mr. Holcar, the wandering Asiatic, was displeased at the preference, I cannot tell, but with some warmth he requested permission to produce an instance he had experienced in Bengal, scarcely to be equalled in any other kingdom in the universe.

The murmur ceased, and the dingy Holcar thus related the story of

THE BENEVOLENT PARIA,

An outcast of society, despised by all others affecting to worship their divinity in the right way. "I was once travelling," said he, "on the banks of the Ganges, from Maulavadangur to Burcunda, when, for what reason I could never account, my guide deserted me. In this extremity, I knew not where to go; the day was almost spent, the sun was sinking behind the high mountains of Gory, and the cloudless sky spread a wide sheet of angry crimson, as the moon full orbed arose behind me, and I expected the tempest. Not a breeze was yet stirring, not a single sound, save now and then the howlings of the wild beasts of the desert, from which it was highly necessary to shelter. But where? was the question: no droog was at hand, no caravansary. At length I resolved to knock at the wicket belonging to a poor discarded Paria, who instantly removed the bamboo that made it fast, and with a pleasant aspect inquired my pleasure. I told him it was a travelling

Pandect that disturbed him, who had been forsaken by his guide, and had lost his way; and that, unless he could afford him shelter for the night, the poor traveller might become a prey to the fierce tigers of the jungle. The Paria took me by the hand, and led me to an inner room—for though the appearance of his hut was miserable, there was great capacity and neatness within. He placed me by his wife and little family, and told me he would presently return; which he did, and spread a table with the most delicious fruits of the country, while his wife prepared a bed of rushes just gathered from the cool rivulet that murmured at the back of his garden. I took his refreshments with great pleasure, after which he lighted my hooker, and we sat on our carpets to smoke awhile together. The Paria was a very sensible man, and had been deprived of his Cast for maintaining that Brama came floating on the leaf of the palm, and not on the papirus; and for this the holy Pandects had driven him from the great city, and from society, denying him the benefits of every legal institution. "Learned Pandect," said the Paria to me, "I have long wished for one of your profession, unsullied by too much prosperity, to remove, if possible, certain doubts which hang about my mind, and which have already lost me my rank in the world.—I have thought much, and am ready to retract my errors, if errors they be, and think like the powerful who have oppressed me." I told him it was pitiable that irrational prejudice should have power to decide on a subject so momentous; that reason only was the brilliant sun of the soul, and that it was presumptuous for any one, however exalted his station, to determine without it. The Paria was then proceeding with his polemics, but I modestly stopped him, by observing that such things were better let alone; that I had consulted Zoroaster on the subject, and thought on the dying words of the wise Socrates; that I had studied the logos of Plato, and the reasoning of Tully, but without conviction; that the matter was involved in perplexity, and that these lessons only were derivable from it:—

"To despair of good was at all times censurable.

"To live in hope of it was to anticipate our wishes.

"That truth must be sought with a simple heart; that it is only to be found in nature, and to be imparted to the good alone."

I bid him henceforth be cheerful, to labour for his offspring, to look with gratitude to the first great cause, and humbly wait his dissolution. That the palm-tree had its spring, and was allowed a time to flourish, and must eventually have time to decay; that the off-shots which surrounded it would then supply its station; that it must be so with all nature in one endless round, and that the only pursuit of a wise man is to be virtuous, to hope, and be happy. After we had finished our calumets, and drank our temperate beverage, the modest wife of the humble Paria lighted me to my bed of rushes, and presenting me with a shaul of Patna, pressed her forehead with her hand, bowing almost to the floor, after the manner of India, and thus retiring, wished I might find repose.

I arose before the sun; and the Paria was waiting with a basket of fresh gathered fruit. He begged to accompany me on the way, till he had placed me in the straight road to the great city.

When we had arrived at the spot, I thus

I thus addressed my conductor:—What return, good man, can I make you for your hospitality? how shall I express the esteem with which you have inspired me? accept from my hand this gold watch, it was made by the first artist in England, and requires winding up but once a-year. "Sir," answered the Paria, "I have no use for your time piece, I have one which goes for ever, and is never out of order; I mean the glorious sun,"—which at that moment was rising. But my watch strikes the hours, said I, urging him to take it. "Our birds sing them," he returned, with a smile. At least take these strings of coral, said I, to make red necklaces for your wife and children.—"My wife and children," answered the Paria, "will never want red necklaces, so long as our garden shall produce the pease of Angola." Accept, then, said I, these pistols, to defend you in your solitude against the attacks of robbers.—"Our poverty," said the Paria, "is a rampart that keeps robbers at a distance: the silver with which your arms are ornamented would be sufficient to bring them to my threshold. In the name of that Power who protects us all, do not deprive us of the merits of our hospitality." I should be glad, however, said I, if you would accept something of mine, by way of a keepsake. "Well, my guest," answered the good Paria, "since you desire it, allow me to propose an exchange—Give me your pipe, and accept mine!—As often as I shall smoke in your's, I shall recollect that a learned Pandect disdained not the hospitality of a poor Paria. I instantly made him a present of mine, of Moorish leather, of which the mouth was of transparent amber; and I received, in return, that of the Paria, made of bamboo; with a bowl of baked earth. At our parting, the Paria dropped a tear.—"I will remember," said he, "Truth must be sought with a simple heart; that it is only to be found in nature, and to be imparted to the good alone."

He was scarce gone from my sight, when I uttured this

REFLECTION.

Alas! that this most hospitable man should become an outcast, should be driven from society, for thinking differently from his Pandect, and because he could not profess to believe what he did not comprehend; what even those who would have forced the hypocrisy on him, did not understand. Holcar thus finished his long story; and the hand of time pointing to the dial, reminded us of the utility of retirement till the morning lark bid us meet again. T. N.

A RARA AVIS IN TERRÆ.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will much oblige an old sportsman, by inserting the following account in your most entertaining Magazine.

SQUIRE WESTERN.

"As Solomon Fromelo, gamekeeper at Bear Place, near Wargrave, the seat of Sir Moses Ximenes, Knt. was going through one of the coppices with his gun, he saw a bird which appeared something between the owl and peacock, hovering over the wood; he immediately hid himself, and observed the bird light about fifty yards from him, he let fly at him and winged him; but on his approach, the bird was

was so savage that it was with difficulty he killed him.

On narrow inspection, he proves to be as he suspected, something between the owl and peacock: his head exactly resembled the white owl, his back and tail were like the white peacock, and his size was that of a large turkey; when in the air he made a whistling kind of noise very much like wild geese, and flew in the same manner."

THE

LAWS OF GAMING,

Wagers, Horse-Racing, and Gaming-Houses. By John Disney, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law.—Printed for J. Butterworth, Law Bookseller, Fleet-street.

WE gave an outline of this performance in our last, in quoting the principal part of the Author's preface; we shall now, to exhibit a farther specimen of his style and manner, take an extract from the first chapter, as the whole seems so completely connected as not to admit the preference of any of the parts.

CHAPTER I.

Of Wagers which are legal, and those which are not.

IN pursuance of the plan which I have marked out in my introductory chapter, I proceed to consider what wagers are allowed by our law; *i. e.* what wagers those are where the law allows the winner to recover, in a court of justice, the sum which he has won. I shall, in the course of this inquiry, notice those cases in which particular wagers are judicially decided to be recoverable, and consequently lawful; and those which have received positive decisions to the contrary. It will be my endeavour, however, to extract a general rule from the cases taken together, and to lay that down as a test for forming a subsequent judgment.

We may, by a little attention, perceive that there is a common principle which runs through the whole string of decisions on these questions, and to which we may refer any case that occurs.

Having premised thus much, we may, I think, without any great hazard, state the general rule to be,

> "That all wagers are legal, excepting those which tend to a breach of the peace;—or are *contra bonos mores*;—or tend to hurt the character of, or expose to ridicule, a third person;—or are against the rules of sound policy and morality;—or are contrary to a positive enactment of the law."

Lord Mansfield, indeed, in the case of Da Costa *v.* Jones, has in some degree given a general rule in his judgment.—"Indifferent wagers," says he, "upon indifferent matters, without interest to either of the parties, are certainly allowed by the law of this country, so far as they have not been restrained by particular acts of parliament."

Subject to these rules, and under these restrictions, the winner of a wager may recover the sum won by an action at law. But, notwithstanding, the Courts look with a scrutinizing and a jealous eye upon actions of this sort, and discourage them as much as possible, consistently with their duty; though, bound down by the rigid rule of law, they cannot help regretting that the law is so. Thus the learned judge already quoted, in that very

very case, says, "This species of contract has, in fact, gone to an extent that is much to be complained of. Whether it would not have been better policy to have treated all wagers originally as gaming-contracts, and so have held them void, is now too late to discuss; they have too long and too often been held good and valid contracts." However, the law being settled, I will take the cases as they occur in order of time.

Though it is immaterial whether an event upon which a wager is laid be contingent or not; yet, when the wager depends upon a contingent event which has in fact happened, it is necessary that the parties should be ignorant of it at the time of laying the wager; as in the case of Lord March *v.* Pigot.

The circumstances of that case were, That Mr. Pigot and Mr. Codrington being together at Newmarket, it was proposed to run their fathers against each other. Mr. Pigot's father was upwards of 70, and Mr. Codrington's father little more than 50. The chances were calculated; and Mr. Codrington thinking them disadvantageous to him, declined the bet: whereupon Lord March agreed to stand in his place; and mutual notes were interchanged. Mr. Pigot's note was,

"I promise to pay to the Earl of March 500 guineas, if my father dies before Sir William Codrington.
William Pigot."

The Earl's was,—"I promise to pay to Mr. Pigot 1600 guineas, in case Sir William Codrington does not survive Mr. Pigot's father.
March."

The fact was, that Mr. Pigot's father was then actually dead; but that was wholly unknown to the parties.

At the trial, a verdict with £525 damages was found for the plaintiff.

On a motion for a new trial, it was contended on the part of Mr. Pigot, that as he could not possibly win, he ought not to lose; and it was compared to a ship-insurance. If the policy upon a ship had not the words "lost or not lost" inserted, and the ship should be actually lost at the time of making that policy, it would be void.

For the plaintiff it was argued, that the contract was good, because the *fact* being wholly unknown to the parties, it could not influence either: and the Court were of this opinion, and unanimously refused the new trial.

A wager was held to be good, "Whether a decree of the Court of Chancery would be reversed or not, on an appeal to the House of Lords."—The decree was reversed; and the plaintiff obtained a verdict for £50, the amount of his wager.

It was endeavoured to arrest the judgment, upon a suggestion that the wager was not contingent, but certain; because the rules of law are known and certain; and, secondly, That it was *contra bonos mores*.

Lord Mansfield, in giving his judgment, says, "The question then is, Whether this wager is *against principles?* If it be contrary to any, it must be contrary either to principles of morality (for the law of England prohibits every thing that is *contra bonos mores*); or it must be against principles of sound policy; for many contracts which are not against morality, are still void, as being against the maxims of sound policy. With respect to the first question, Whether it is against morality? This contract is equal between the parties; they have

have each of them equal knowledge or equal ignorance: it is concerning an event which, reasoning by the rules of predestination, is to be sure so far certain, that it must be as it should afterwards happen to be. But it is a future event equally uncertain as to the parties, Whether the House of Lords would be of the same or of a different opinion with the Chancellor? The presumption, if any, is rather against the person betting in opposition to the Chancellor's judgment." And further: "If the present wager had been made with one of the Judges, or with one of the Lords, it would have been a bribe." Again: "If it had been a wager with either the attorney or counsel in the cause, it would have been an objection."

The Court here, being of opinion that the wager was not against any of the rules before laid down, held it to be good; and the plaintiff recovered accordingly.

But where the wager is productive of indecent evidence unnecessarily, and involves the happiness of an innocent third person, the Court will not only discountenance the action, but will, upon the suggestion of that third person, stop the plaintiff from further proceeding; and in an action where a third person was thus affected, the Court did exercise this power.

The case of Da Costa *v.* Jones is a case of great importance, and a leading one on these points; and it may not be improper to give it a very full consideration. I shall first state the circumstances of the case itself, and then the judgment of the Court, which contains the principles of the subject laid down by Lord Mansfield, with his own peculiar clearness and elegance.

This was an action of *assumpsit*, upon a wager between the plaintiff and the defendant, upon the sex of Monsieur le Chevalier d'Eon, who was so described in the declaration; which stated, that the defendant, on the 4th of October 1771, in consideration that the plaintiff would then and there pay him 75 guineas, undertook to pay to the plaintiff £300, in case the Chevalier should *at any time* prove to be a female.

The cause was tried before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, at the Sittings after Michaelmas Term 1777, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of £300. At the trial, the defendant's counsel objected: that it would produce indecent evidence; and then it was answered, that that appeared upon the *record*, and must be objected to in another way. Lord Mansfield concurring in this, suffered the trial to go on; which, however, he afterwards regretted that he had done.

On a motion in arrest of judgment, the case was argued at great length by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Dunning, for the plaintiff; and Mr. Bearcroft and Mr. T. Cowper, for the defendant: but as Lord Mansfield has taken notice, in his judgment, of all the points discussed by counsel in the argument, I shall omit them, and insert his words at length, which will comprehend the whole; they are these:

"This case, upon the trial of the first cause, made a great noise all over Europe; and soon afterwards, I own, I was sorry that the answer given to the objection made at the trial, "that it appeared upon the record," had been so hastily given way to by me. I was sorry that the nature of the action had not been more fully considered. I was sorry for another thing; that the witnesses who were subpœna'd had not been told they might refuse to give evidence, if they pleased. But

But no objection was made on their behalf by the counsel for the defendant, nor did any of themselves apply for protection, or hesitate to answer. I have since heard that many of them were confidential persons, servants, and others employed in the way of their profession and business. Had any of them demurred, it would have opened the nature of the action. That two men, by laying a wager concerning a third person, might compel his physicians, relations, and servants, to disclose what they knew relative to the subject-matter of that wager, would have been an alarming proposition; the bare stating it would have startled. Indeed, the objection being put upon the general crude ground of the cause leading to indecent evidence, and not upon the special nature of this case, did not strike me. For indecency of evidence is no objection to its being received, where it is necessary to the decision of a civil or criminal right. And upon that ground we think Mr. Justice Burnet did wrong, in rejecting the case that came before him; for there, the party had received an injury. But if it had been an action upon a wager, Whether such a woman had such a defect or infirmity? It would have been nearly the present case. Indifferent wagers upon indifferent matters, without interest to either of the parties, are certainly allowed by the law of this country, in so far as they have not been restrained by particular acts of Parliament; and the restraints imposed in particular cases support the general rule; for where Parliament interposes, and says, "Unless you have an interest in such a case, any wager or insurance upon it shall be void and of no effect," it implies, that in cases not specially prohibited by act of Parliament, parties may wager or insure at pleasure; and this species of contract has, in fact, gone to an extent that is much to be complained of. Whether it would not have been better policy to have treated all wagers originally as gaming contracts, and so have held them void, is now too late to discuss: they have too long and too often been held good and valid contracts. But notwithstanding they have been so generally entertained, there must be a variety of instances where the voluntary act of two indifferent parties, by laying a wager, shall not be permitted to form a ground for an action, or a judicial proceeding in a court of justice. Suppose a wager between two people, that one of them, or that a third person, shall do a criminal act. To go from stronger cases to those that are less strong: "I lay you a wager that you do not beat such a person; you lay that you will." Such a wager would be void; because it is an incitement to a breach of the peace. Suppose the subject-matter of a wager were a violation of chastity, or an immoral action. "I lay I seduce such a woman." Would a court of justice entertain an action upon such a wager? Most clearly not; because it is an incitement to immorality. Suppose a wager upon a subject *contra bonos mores*, like the case of Sir Charles Sedley—Would a court of justice try a wager that incites to such indecency? It may be said, that there are no adjudged cases; but you offend, you misbehave, by laying such a wager. To come nearer to the point; Suppose a wager that affects the interest or the feelings of a third person, which is one of the grounds upon which the motion for a new trial in this case has been argued; for instance, that such a woman has committed adultery—Would a court

court of justice try the adultery in an action upon such a wager? Or a wager that an unmarried woman has had a bastard—Would you try that? would it be endured? Most unquestionably it would not. Because it is not only an injury to a third person, but it disturbs the peace of society; and in either of these two last cases the party to be affected by it would have a right to say—How dare you bring my name in question? If a husband complains of adultery, he shall be allowed to try it, because he is a party injured. So if it be necessary to justice to try whether such a one is a bastard, it shall be tried. But third persons, merely for the purpose of laying a wager, shall not thus wantonly expose others to ridicule, and libel them under the form of an action.

"We then come to the present case, which is shortly this: Here is a person who appears to all the world to be a man; is stated upon record to be "Monsieur le Chevalier d'Eon;" has acted in that character in a variety of capacities, and has his reasons and advantages for so appearing. Shall two indifferent people, by a wager between themselves, injure him so, as to try in an action upon that wager—Whether, as was said in the argument, he is a cheat and impostor? or shew that he is a woman, and be allowed to subpœna all his intimate friends and confidential attendants to give evidence that will expose him all over Europe? It is monstrous to state; it is a disgrace to judicature; and if the Chevalier, by application to the Court or otherwise, had come and said, "Here is a villanous wager, laid to injure me; I pray the Court, as a third person whose interest it affects, to stop it," the Court would instantly have done it, upon the same principle as the Court stayed the proceedings, on the application of Mr. Muilman, in the case of Cox *v.* Phillips. Wherever a question arises upon a real matter of right, though the interest of third persons, not parties, may be affected by it, it shall be tried. If a witness lays a wager upon the subject-matter in dispute between a third person, it does not affect his evidence so as to defeat either party of it.

"I think the other ground is material. The question is upon the sex of a person, to the appearance of all the world a man; and who, for reasons of his own, thinks proper to keep his sex a secret.

"The medium of proof upon such a question, must arise from the circumstances that distinguish the sexes. This necessarily tends to introduce all the indecent evidence such an inquiry can involve. Suppose two persons were to lay a wager upon a mark or defect in a woman's body—Would the Court say they would suffer her chambermaid to be called to give evidence upon such a question? The case mentioned in the argument, of an insurance of two sons upon the lives of their respective fathers, and other cases, where the life of one person is run against another, are not cases that injure or affect the individuals who happen to be made the subject of such wagers; they are no reflection or injury to them. So a wager, whether the next child shall be a boy or a girl, hurts no one. But the present case is indecent in itself, and manifestly a gross injury to a third person; therefore ought not to be endured. We think the objection appears sufficiently upon the record, and that there is ground enough upon these allegations to arrest judgment."

The three other Judges concurred; and the Court arrested the judgment. *To be continued.*

THE

THE WHITE PLUME.

Covent Garden Theatre, April 10.

THIS Drama is from the pen of Mr. Dibdin. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl Glenfillan	Mr. Murray.
Sir Alfred	Mr. Munden.
Edward	Mr. Incledon.
Sir Guthred	Mr. H. Johnston.
Randal	Mr. Taylor.
Kilspindie	Mr. Fawcett.
Allan	Mr. Blanchard.
Nicholas	Mr. Simmons.
Flora	Miss Davies.
Ellen	Miss Searle.
Martha	Miss Tyrer.
Rose	Mrs Emery

SCENE—On the borders of England and Scotland.

THE FABLE.

In the reign of Elizabeth, when it was the fashion for young men of rank to fit out vessels for foreign enterprises, Edward and Laird Ronald, the sons of Sir Alfred and Earl Glenfillan—the two wardens of the Scotch and English borders—are supposed to have gone with a united corps of North and South Britons on a military expedition, in which they are also accompanied by Sir Guthred, a Danish knight, but related by marriage to the family of Glenfillan.

At the opening of the piece, the young adventurers are anxiously expected home by their parents, and as eagerly wished for by Ellen and Flora; the former, daughter of Sir Alfred, is intended to espouse Laird Ronald; and the latter, daughter of Glenfillan, is the promised bride of Edward. Sir Guthred, who, under the mask of friendship to both the youths, hides a cruel and avaricious disposition, and who covets the estates of Glenfillan and the hand of his daughter Flora, determines, being next heir, to make his way to fortune by the death of Laird Ronald, and to get rid of his rival Edward by accusing him of the murder. In consequence of this resolution, he takes a treacherous advantage of Laird Ronald, during the heat of a sea-fight, and by cutting away part of the cordage which sustains the gallant youth in his attempt to board the enemy, Sir Guthred consigns the son of Glenfillan to the unpitying waves. Prior to the departure of the two young men, Ellen had desired her lover, if he returned unhurt from the campaign, to elevate a beautiful White Plume she had given him, to serve as a signal of his safety, and that the fortunate intelligence might be the earlier known to those who, from signal-towers and the surrounding hills, would frequently look out with the eye of tender solicitude for their absent friends. Laird Ronald, unsuspicious of the fate awaiting him, had, while on shipboard, placed his victorious White Plume over the arms and ensigns he had won in battle, to be ready, on his landing, to precede the march of his gallant band, and to give Ellen the desired assurance of his hoped approach; but this intended arrangement being totally unknown to his fellow soldiers, they carry home the White Plumed Trophy, as consecrated to the memory of their lost leader, whose expecting father, relatives, and lover, descry it at a distance, hail it as the omen of happiness, hasten to meet it with songs of merriment, and are plunged in the most poignant distress, when the solemn coronach, or lament, of the Scotch soldiers, informs them that the long-expected signal is the herald of death, and that the gallant Ronald had been

been destined to a watery grave. Sir Guthred now proceeds with his design—accuses Edward of the crime he had himself committed, and being promised the hand of Flora, if he proves the accusation, he challenges Edward to single combat—a grand convention of the chiefs and people from either side the border is summoned—and when the parties are on the point of meeting, the sudden appearance of the supposed dead Ronald, who has been preserved by the intrepidity of Allan, a Scottish soldier, exposes the villany of Sir Guthred, vindicates the innocence of Edward, and ends the border meeting with heartfelt pleasure.

The other characters are, Kilspindie, a piper, poet, and historian; Arthur, the steward of Sir Alfred, which latter is a hearty old English knight, made up of hospitality, quick passion, and real good-nature; Nicholas, a simple serving man; Martha, the attendant of Ellen, and daughter to Randal, a Danish minstrel, who having, in his own country, been deeply injured by Sir Guthred, follows him to England, and becomes instrumental towards the punishment of his intended villany.

It is evident, from the foregoing fable, that there is very considerable interest in this Drama, and which was very skilfully preserved: the serious and comic are sufficiently blended; and possessing, as it does, the aids of excellent music, good singing and acting, and much beautiful scenic decoration, there can be little doubt of its future success. One circumstance gave offence, which will no doubt be hereafter prevented;—we mean the introduction of a number of little children to dance. In all other respects the Drama was well received, and announced for repetition with great applause. For specimens of the poetry see our poetical department of last month.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

THIS Operatic Romance was brought forward at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 7th of April.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cassim Baba	Mr. Dormer.
Ali Baba	Mr. Bannister.
Ganem	Mr. Kelly.
Mustapha	Mr. Mathews.
Selim	Mr. Dignum.
Abdallah	Mr. H. Siddons
Hassarac	Mr. De Camp.
Zaide	Mrs. Dormer.
Cogia	Mrs. Bland.
Zelie	Mrs Mathews.
Morgiana	Miss De Camp.
Occobrand	Mr. Raymond.
Fairy of the Lake	Mrs. H. Siddons
Principal Sylph	Mrs. Sharp.
Cassimer	Miss Bristow.

Sylphs, Naiades, Gnomes, Wood Nymphs, &c. &c. &c.

It is hardly necessary to inform the public that the fable of this romance is derived from that delightful source of juvenile study, "The Arabian Night's Entertainments." However, as there can be no harm in refreshing the memory of our adult readers, who indeed may "cast a longing ling'ring look" at the enjoyments of early Life, we shall subjoin a summary of the plot.

FABLE.

Ali Baba, a woodcutter, whilst pursuing his avocation in the forest, discovers a cavern belonging to a banditti, and overhears the magical incantation of "Open Sesame," by which he obtains admission, and returns to his humble habitation laden with wealth. His wife Cogia, having borrowed of her sister a measure

snye to ascertain her treasures, several guineas adhere to the bottom, and divulge their concealed wealth. Ali Baba is therefore compelled to disclose the secret to his brother Cassim, who visits the cavern, but when he has entered, forgetting the words "Open Sesame," he is unable to escape, and being found by the robbers, is beheaded, and his body thrown into the forest, where it is found by his brother Ali, who succeeds to his house and possessions. —To conceal the catastrophe, a cobler is led blindfold to sew the head to the body; and having mentioned the circumstance to the captain of the Banditti, who comes to Bagdad in search of the first spoiler of the cave, he is shewn by the cobler to the house inhabited by Ali Baba, pretending that he is a merchant trading in oil; he obtains admission into the garden for thirty-nine jars, in each of which a robber is concealed. Morgiana, the faithful slave of Ali, wanting some oil, goes to the jars, and discovering the scheme, destroys the whole gang with some deadly liquid, which had been given her master by a beneficent fairy. To effect the destruction of the captain, Morgiana enters the banquet-room as a dancing slave, and whilst he is attempting to stab her master, wrests the dagger from his hand, and plunges it into his breast: for which she is rewarded by a marriage with Ganem, the son of Ali Baba. An Episode is introduced, consisting of a benevolent fairy and a wicked genius, who is at length subdued by the power of virtue.

Though we have given an outline of the fable, yet that is but a subordinate consideration in entertainments of this kind, which are chiefly intended to be instrumental to the introduction of music, dancing, and magnificent spectacle. The deviations from the original story, and all the additional parts were necessary for dramatic effect; but the main features of that story are kept in view, and are the foundation of a very beautiful, striking, and splendid entertainment. It is said, that Mr. Sheridan first suggested the idea of adapting this story to the stage, prompted by the great success which attended the piece intituled Blue Beard. This suggestion, we understand, was adopted by Mr. Ward, who married a sister of the late Mrs. Sheridan, who herself recently followed that accomplished lady to the grave. After Mr. Ward had proceeded on the work, it was judged proper to submit it finally to Mr. Colman, as a person of acknowledged talents and experience in such matters.

As the fable itself is, as we have said, but a subordinate consideration in such compositions, it is not to be expected that there should be the recommendation of much point and force in the dialogue of a piece principally intended to gratify the eye. There is, however, in this part of the work, something whimsical, quaint, and humorous. Some of the puns, however, are very poor, and some of the conceits rather too extravagant. The piece, however, is so very long, that much of this frivolous matter will doubtless be expunged.

The scenery is varied, beautiful, and picturesque; and as the agency of a Fairy and a Magician is introduced, there is also great scope for the wonderful. The procession of the Fairy Queen was peculiarly grand, and so were the views of Bagdad, the interior of the palaces, the forest, and the rocky entrance to the cavern of the robbers. The dresses also were highly splendid as well as appropriate.—The piece was brought forward in a more perfect

 state

state than we ever remember in works of such complication, variety, and shew.

The actors exerted themselves very ably, and particularly Bannister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Raymond, Mathews, and De Camp. Miss De Camp deserves very peculiar and distinguished praise, as her skill in singing, dancing, and acting, gave an essential support to the piece.—The music is by Kelly. It is at least pleasing and appropriate to the sentiments and situations which it accompanies. Upon the whole, The Forty Thieves is very well calculated to gratify the expectations which it had excited; it is a splendid proof of the taste and liberality of the managers, and is likely to prove a very profitable source of public amusement. The house was crowded in all parts at a very early period, and The Forty Thieves received so much encouragement from the audience, that they will doubtless long proceed in their career with a full measure of public approbation.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

King's Bench, Feb. 17.

DUCHALIOT, ASSIGNEE OF DELPINI, *v.* LORD BARRYMORE.

IT was observed by Mr. Garrow, that this was a case without defence, but that did not excuse him from stating the outline of it to the jury, without which it would not be intelligible to them. The plaintiff was the assignee of the estate of Mr. Delpini, a person whose theatrical merits had made his name popular. He had the misfortune to become a brankrupt, and the circumstances out of which this action arose were the causes of that bankruptcy. Mr. Delpini had been taken away from his theatrical pursuits in the metropolis by Lord Barrymore, upon a promise of a great reward for attending his Lordship's theatrical arrangements at Wargrave, in Berkshire, and in other places, in which Mr. Delpini acquitted himself with diligence and skill. Great preparations were made on these theatrical occasions, but as the credit of the late Lord Barrymore was a nonentity—as no-body would put a reed into his mouth, or draw the bow of a fiddle, on his account—Delpini became answerable to all the band, and so they had their music. But music alone, would not do—Some roast-beef was a necessary article, and some wine, to feed and drench the actors. As no butcher would send in a single steak, no wine merchant a single glass of wine, on the credit of that noble Lord! Delpini in that case became answerable, and all parties were immediately fed. The same thing applied to the convivial parties of the noble Lord, and Delpini regulated all the feasts, and became answerable for all the bills; for, in truth, that noble Lord hardly ever carried about him a single guinea. All was managed by Delpini; and all the articles furnished for the luxury of the noble Lord's table, or the amusement of his theatrical fête, were planned, arranged, conducted, and managed, by Delpini, who had, indeed, for years, a busy life of it. It was

Mungo here—Mungo there—Mungo every where!

In this life of bustle and responsibility, Mr. Delpini became answerable for debts beyond his receipts, and which he was obliged to pay to the amount of £5000. He consequently beame a bankrupt; and this action was brought by the assignee of his estate against the present

present Lord Barrymore, as executor of his late noble brother. Mr. Delpini had obtained his certificate, and had released all claims on account of the benefit to be derived to his estate by his testimony, or by this verdict, and therefore he became a competent witness; and he would prove the correctness of the accounts which he had kept of his stewardship, in a book for that purpose, a copy of which had been delivered, some months ago, to the defendant's solicitor, in a bill of particulars, delivered in under a Judge's order: so that there was no surprise. On the other side, we must take care however not to take a verdict for more than they were entitled to, on the investigation of the accounts, otherwise they would be hauled over the thorns of a Court of Equity, for he knew they were watched closely, although nobody appeared to oppose them.

Mr. Delpini was then examined, and he proved the most material parts of the opening of Mr. Garrow.

Mr. Seton, Solicitor, proved that Lord Barrymore had his accounts audited, and affairs in Ireland arranged by a person of the name of Collins, who is dead. That the noble Lord's affairs became greatly complicated and embarrassed, £150,000 being taken up and appropriated to the liquidation of his debts, and other creditors agreed to an arrangement, by which they were to wait for the payment of their demands ten years. That the noble Lord's credit came to a stand—and that Delpini had acted as a manager of his theatrical and some other of his concerns.

After an investigation of the accounts, it was ascertained that the balance in favour of Mr. Delpini was £4680.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that as there was on the record a plea of *plene administravit*, and as the present noble Lord could only be answerable for the debts of his brother as his executor, and on account of effects which came to his hands in that character, it would be necessary to give some evidence of assets having come into the hands of the present noble Lord, belonging to his brother in his lifetime, though very strict or ample proof of that was not requisite. The former cashier of Messrs. Ransom and Co. Bankers, proved they had debentures belonging to his Lordship at his death, to upwards of £2000. It was proved also, that the late noble Lord had furniture of great value, and race-horses, &c. &c. so that the jury, under the direction of Lord Ellenborough, found a verdict for the plaintiff, £4680.

BEEF STEAKS AND OYSTERS.

We have often been amused with the ludicrous nature of the advertisements which fill the columns of the American Journals. The following one we copy from the Vienna Gazette. It is undoubtedly the most learned address that we have ever seen in favour of the modern method of preparing and eating this kind of luxury.

WHAT signifies all the disputes respecting the question of superiority in the ancients or moderns? Sir William Temple, and Dr. Bently, and Dr. Wotton, and the Earl of Orrery, might have shed ink till this time, and never would the superiority of the ancients respecting a knowledge of the properties and the right use of the oyster, have been established to the satisfaction of George Watson, at the White-horse, where the post-office was lately kept, and where he will always be glad to see his friends.

I am

I am clearly for the superiority of the moderns.—What are the facts? So superstitious and ignorant were the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed oysters to grow fat with the two first quarters of the moon, and become lean with her waning.—*Ostreis et conchyllis omnibus,* says Aulus Gellius, *contigit, ut cum Luna crescant pariter, pariterque de rescant:* so says Cicero. Gellius quotes Lucilius, *Luna alit ostrea.* Horace also says, *nascentes implent conchylia Luna.* It is true they had some taste respecting the relish of oysters, and knew how to distinguish well. What says Juvenal of the nicely discriminating taste of an oyster epicure?

.... *Circeis* nata forent an
Lucrinum ad *Saxum. Rutupinove* edita fundo
Ostrea, calcebar primo deprehendere mortu;

i. e. he could tell at the first taste whether they came from the Circean rocks, the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania, or from Richborough, in Kent county, in England. And Horace mentions the great superiority of the Circean oysters.

Maurice Bajano melior Lucrina peloris,
Ostrea Circeis, Miseno oriunter echini.

So also Pliny: *Circeis,* autem ostreis neque dulciora neque teneriora, esse ulla, &c. In short, it is my opinion that the Circean oysters very much resembled the oysters at my house, called the York Cove and Queen's Creek. They knew as well as we that the best oysters are taken from coves: *optima sunt ostrea,* says Pliny, *si quando* lacus *adjacet, aut fluvius;* by which says Casaubon, we are to understand the Cove oysters. But, lord! what is this to the purpose?—It only shews that the ancients had a relish for raw oysters. Shew me that they ever cooked. Where is a treatise in Greek or Latin, on roasting, stewing, frying, and other ways of dressing oysters? Here is a proof of modern superiority. They had no house set apart for the particular purpose of regaling the lovers of this delicacy. Juvenal, to be sure, mentions a *bad* lady's eating great oysters at midnight—

Grandia que medius jam noctibus *ostrea* mordet;

but from the context it may be very evidently seen that she *bit* them, or rather *ate* them off—*mordet*—at *home.* This is another proof of modern superiority. In short, had G. Watson time to examine the writings of the ancients, much of which he has forgotten since turning his attention to the delightful task of pleasing the palate of a patronising public, he might prove in almost every way, as it respects the oyster, that the ancients were far, very far inferior to the moderns. One proof more. Did they ever know the union of Beef Steaks and Oysters? Homer may tell about *ambrosia* and *nectar* of his unepicurean gods and goddesses, but where in the Iliad will you find a syllable relating to Beef Steaks and Oysters? It is all tol-de-rol—they knew nothing of good living.

Who first discovered the excellent quality of the oysters, and brought into general use this first of shell fish; in comparison of which crabs, lobsters, craw-fish, and clams, "hide their diminished heads?" Did I know the name of such a "benefactor of the human race," I would build him a *monumentum ære perennius,* made of gold and cemented with oyster lime.

For nourishment, what equals the oyster? What says—"Willich on Diet and Regimen,"—a work that should be in every family? "Oysters are easily digested; they may be eaten with great advantage by the

the robust, as well as the weak and consumptive: they possess more nutritive animal jelly than almost any other." Though G. Watson's reading is not so extensive as that of those who have read more than he has, yet he must acknowledge that neither in Galen, nor in Hippocrates, in Cullen, nor Boerhaave, has he ever found half a syllable against the wholesomeness of this sovereign of bivalved crustaceous aquatics.—This animal, that lives in the house not made with hands, with but one door, for cheapness, flavour and salubrity,

Bears like the Turk no shell-fish near his throne.

Come then to the oyster *restaurateur*, where shall be wanting neither wines red and white, rosy faced brandy, pure unspotted gin, good old Jamaica, foaming porter, sparkling cyder, nor invigorating beer.

Cato the Censor—and where find we a more rigid moralist?—was wont to say, as Plutarch informs us, that a few glasses of wine assisted the discussion of philosophical subjects. Sir John Hawkins says of another rigid moralist, Doctor Johnson, that he seldom more enjoyed himself than at a well ordered public house, with his literary companions. It is the abuse, not the use, that injures health, wealth, and reputation.—Oh! consider the dreadful ravages of intemperance.

.... This ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, yet hath more ministers than those
Who draw their sword in war.

G. Watson hopes that no one will suffer his glass to wear the breeches; nor even to permit his cheek to be crimsoned beyond the temperate hue of Hygeia's rose.—O Intemperance, thou destroying angel, the sword and the plague bring but their hundreds, whilst thou bringest thy thousands to the court of death. What Virgil says of the bees may be applied to intemperance.

Tristi languebunt corpora morbo, &c.

But let me draw towards a close, by observing that I am a great lover of peace of mind, and have an affection for all my fellow creatures. I hence strive to prevent any injury to my feelings, or the feelings of others.——There is nothing that touches G. Watson's nice sensibility, so quick as a neglect on the part of his kind customers to settle all arrears, before leaving his house. With all his benevolence towards his friends, he must say, that he expects a reciprocation of favours; this indispensable return is pecuniary and immediate.

With a deep sense of gratitude for past favours, and with a hope of receiving more, I remain the public's most obedient servant,

GEORGE WATSON.

REQUISITES IN SHOOTING.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I SOME time ago troubled you with a few hints on Shooting a la Gambado. I have now penned an idea or two on the subject, rather in a different strain, and which it may be full as well, perhaps, for the sportsman to observe, if really fond of the diversion, as the former.

No one can deny, that in shooting, as in most other things, the chief mode of attaining perfection is long and continued practice; but still, all rules and precepts are not to

to be entirely neglected. There is no more mistaken idea, than that shooting at other kinds of birds will enable a man to bring down his game with certainty. Swallow-shooting is of little, if any use, though by many considered as the best school for the sportsman. The great indispensable for a shot at game is *coolness.*—Swallow shooting evidently cannot in the least tend to give this advantage: mere quickness of eye is required for this latter purpose; on the other hand, quickness of aim is almost the least thing the sportsman need consider. To conquer the trepidation that the sudden whirring up of a partridge or a pheasant under his feet, occasions in almost all, and particularly young sportsmen, is the prevailing cause of their aim being missed. It is not quickness in presenting and firing the fowling-piece when the game rises, that is in general so necessary, as presence of mind and coolness, sufficient to estimate the proper distance to which the bird should be suffered to fly before the discharge. Ten shots are missed by too great haste, to one lost by being at too long a distance from the object.

The morning before ten o'clock, and from half past three to twilight, in September, are the best hours at which the sportsman can be out.—Nothing is more absurd than to see a lounging shooter unkenneling his pointers at eleven o'clock, and returning in three or four hours to dinner. Such a person has every possible disadvantage against him. Instead of being certain of finding the birds in the stubbles, they are always scattered about in the middle of the day, in the grass fields, thick hedges, or copses; and frequently the day is so hot, that the pointers have scarcely any scent at all.

When a bird rises and flies off straight before the sportsman, he should endeavour to cover it as near as possible with the muzzle of the gun, or perhaps rather above than below the object: if it is a cross shot, considerably before it. The motion of the hand should never be stopped at the instant of drawing the trigger, or the bird will almost unavoidably be missed. If the object be very distant, the aim ought to be taken a little above it.

It is better to shoot in a slanting direction at a hare or partridge crossing, than when exactly opposite to you. Never neglect singling out a particular bird if a covey rise; it is most murderous waste to shoot point blank at the covey: an old bird ought if possible to be selected.

When the dog stands, of all things avoid hurrying up to him: if he is perfectly stanch no harm can accrue; and if not, you only reduce it to a certainty that he will rise it, if you are in too great a haste: it is better far to lose a shot now and then, than run the chance of spoiling your dogs completely: besides, that it is hardly possible to take a cool aim if you advance too quick.

Never on any occasion cock the gun before the game rises, there always is full time for this; keep your eye on the bird as long as you can after you have fired: make the dogs down to your heels close, load again, and if the bird was wounded take the dogs to where you supposed it fell, and put them on the scent. Nothing is worse than a dog not lying down to charge, and running up to and tearing the game; do not care for losing a bird occasionally, by not going up to it instantly, it will very rarely happen, if it has fallen to the ground and your dogs are good: but in case it does, it is better

better to lose a bird than spoil all your sport at a future day, by suffering your dogs to run riot; when the bird is found, let the dogs enjoy the smell of it a little while previous to putting it in your bag: before you prime your gun again, be sure to wipe out the pan and examine the flint, never be sparing of this latter article, let it be often changed, ten or twelve shots are quite enough to fire with the same flint; the vexation you experience at your gun missing fire when a nice shot presents itself, will thus be avoided, and you will be amply repaid for using a few more flints than might be absolutely necessary; the touch-hole (particularly if a gold one) should be very often pricked, a little trouble of this kind is always very well bestowed. I must here close my letter for the present; but if your approbation is made known to me shall speedily resume my pen on this interesting subject. In the mean time I remain, Sir, your very constant reader,

RURICOLA.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.

Old Bailey Sessions, April 18.

THIS was a case in which Charles Hemmings and George Bevan were indicted for assaulting the Rev. Henry Craven Orde, on the King's highway, on the 24th of March last, putting him in fear, and taking from his person, against his will, a leather purse, with a piece of gold coin of this realm, called a seven shillings piece, and a certain paper writing called a bill of exchange for the payment of the sum of £18.

Mr. Ally opened the indictment, stating the nature of it to be as had been read by the officer of the court. Besides the first count, on the highway robbery, there were two other counts, precisely the same as the first, except that the bill of exchange was called a draft for the payment of money, and the third count called it an order for the payment of money.

Mr. Gurney opened the case in a neat but short speech. The two prisoners at the bar, together with a third, who was not in custody, stood charged with a capital offence of a very aggravated nature. Unhappily modern times had made us acquainted with a species of robbery, which, until modern times, was not known; and it was much more pernicious and atrocious than common highway robbery, or any species of robbery which took place in former times, inasmuch as threats used, and terror impressed on the mind, are much more horrid to the feelings of an honourable man than even death itself. The prosecutor is a clergyman, resident at North Mims, in the county of Hertford, and at the time of the transaction had lodgings at his father's house, in Sackville-street. In the evening of the 25th of March last, as he was going along the Strand, he was accosted by a man, to whom he was an utter stranger, stating that he was very poor, and hoped he would give him £20; he was a good deal struck with such a request, from a man whom he had never known; the man followed him and uttered some words which impressed terror on the mind of Mr Orde; he took out his purse for the purpose of giving the man something to get rid of him, and having no silver, he gave him a seven shillings piece; the man said that would not do, he must have more,

more, and stopped him, on which two other men came up, and took Mr. Orde by his arms, and said they were Bow-street officers; they dragged him down Buckingham-street, in the Strand, which at that late hour was very private. As they were pulling him down, he resisted them; they said they must have £20; the first who came up to him, said he was a gentleman's servant, and wanted £20 of Mr. Orde; the others said they knew him as well as Mr. Orde, and that they had seen him with that servant under certain circumstances, conveying to the prosecutor too clearly the horrid imputation they intended to fasten on his honour. While this was going on, one of them said to Mr. Orde, "I see you are a gentleman, you had better give the £20, for the sake of your character—I saw you with this man the other day."—Without time for consideration, and no friend to refer to on the instant, the prosecutor had not the firmness to resist, but took out his purse, which they snatched out of his hand, saying he might now go, and away they ran; this purse contained the papers which would hereafter be proved. Mr. Orde was too much overpowered by terror to pursue these persons; but as soon as he had recollected himself a little, he ran immediately to Richardson's Hotel, Covent-Garden, related the story to his friend there, and took his advice as to the course he should pursue. He was not, in his confusion, able to take such notice of the men as to know them again, but they could be traced without it; for it would appear that the prisoners at the bar, together with another person, of the name of Muir, not in custody, on the following day, about 11 in the morning, went to the shop of a Mr. Lingham, taylor, in the Strand, bought some cloaths, and paid for them with the draft for £18, which was contained in the prosecutor's leather purse, saying that they would call again in a few hours for the change, after Mr. Lingham had made inquiry about the draft, which was on Mr. Proveux of the Horse Guards, and not accepted by him; Mr. Lingham took it to that gentleman who accepted it, not knowing that it had been thus stolen; this draft was paid by Bevan, and would be evidence against him; and in order to fix the prisoner Hemmings, it would appear that he called afterwards at Mr. Orde's house in Sackville-street, in the evening when he was from home; came again the next day; saw not the prosecutor, Henry Craven Orde, but his brother, the Rev. John Norman Orde, for they are both clergymen; and there Hemmings produced the purse, saying it was his, Mr. Orde's purse, which, he said, he was desired by the gentleman's servant, who Mr. Orde had seen the night before last, to return it, as the purse was of no use to the servant. Mr. Norman Orde, perceiving there was nothing in the purse, asked the person who brought it, Hemmings the prisoner, what was become of the draft? Hemmings, who at this time thought he was talking to the Mr. Orde they had robbed in the street, said, that was given to the gentleman's servant, to enjoin him to secrecy, saying to Mr. Norman Orde, "I am the person who advised you to make it up with him."—"You are a Bow-street officer then," said Mr. Norman Orde, "Yes, I am," said he. "Are you sure that you are a Bow-street officer?" said Mr. Norman Orde. Struck a little with the question, he changed his story, and

and said, "No, I am not a Bow-street officer now, but I was then." Mr. Norman Orde then dispatched a servant to Bow-street for an officer, who came, and Hemmings was secured. Application was made to apprehend the prisoner Bevan; and, in consequence of information from his wife, Bevan was apprehended by the dead-wall, Burlington-street. Then Mr. Gurney said to the jury, you have before you one of the persons who confesses he was one of the party by whom this atrocious deed was perpetrated; you find him in possession of part of the property. You have another, who, the very next morning after the robbery was committed, is in possession of the draft which was in the prosecutor's purse the night he was robbed. We are frequently unable to give evidence of a fact, and obliged to leave the matter to inference on circumstances, but it is a rule when a person is found in possession of property which has been stolen to conclude he stole it, unless he can give some account how he came by it. As to Hemmings the case is beyond a doubt, and from the recent possession of the draft by the other party, in the company of Hemmings, it is for you to consider whether they are not both equally guilty.

The Rev. H. Craven Orde, examined by Mr. Ally, gave evidence as follows—"I reside at North Mims, in Hertfordshire. I was in London on the 24th of March last. About ten o'clock I came into the Strand. I crossed from Southampton-street, and went to the river side of the Strand. I intended to go to Temple Bar. I had not gone a great way before a man met me: before I had time to turn about he jostled me; he was a perfect stranger to me at the time; he said he had met me a night or two before, that he was very poor, wanted £20 which I had promised him. I said I had never seen him before, and would not give it to him: he said he must have it, as he knew me, and could swear to me any where. After following me some time, for to avoid him I rather went to the right; the man was very importunate, and said he must have some money; he repeated it several times, that he had met me before only a night or two ago—I had only half-a-guinea and a seven shillings piece about me—I gave him the seven shillings piece and told him to go about his business; he said that would not satisfy him, he would have £20; two men came up, took me under each arm, said they were Bow-street officers, and that I must go with them; they dragged me down a street leading towards the Thames—I resisted, and said I defied them, for that I had done nothing they could hurt me for; they then said that I had met that man a night or two before; had promised him £20; that they would swear to me any where—I said I had made him no promise, and would not give him the money; they said I must, on account of my character, as they could all swear to me; but one of them whispered me, saying, I see you are a gentleman, you had better give him the £20, and we will let you go.—I was frightened, being surrounded by three men. I had heard very often of others being so charged, and the impression on my mind was that they meant to accuse me of an unnatural crime. I put my hand in my pocket and took out my purse, one of them snatched it out of my hand, and said, now you may go. I ran to Richardson's hotel, where I had just left a friend of mine, Mr.

Wheatley;

Wheatly; I told him what had happened. The purse I gave them was a red leather purse, containing a draft for £18, drawn by my brother, John Norman Orde, on Mr. Proveux; that draft was not accepted at the time:—and there was a receipt also of Clays, and memorandums, and a bill and receipt of Cohens, the last and only bills I had of people when in London.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp, who, together with Mr. Gleed, was counsel for the prisoner Bevan. Mr. Orde said the prisoner's persons are not at all known to me.

The learned judge, Mr. Baron Thomson, put to the witness the following important questions; the answers to which contain the essence of the whole of this atrocious case.

Q. When you took your pocket book out, and when it was snatched from you, for what purpose did you so take it out?—A. I took it out for the purpose of giving it to them in consequence of what was said to me.

Q. Was it under an impression of terror that they had excited in you at the moment?—A. Yes, my Lord.

Q. Do you say it was under the impression of the same terror you had given the seven shillings piece to the man at first?—A. Yes, my Lord, it was.

Q. It was?—A. Yes, my Lord.

Q. Do you mean to say it was the terror of that accusation so suggested to you, which made you part from your property?—A. It was, and to get rid of them.

Q. Was the circumstance of their having laid hold of and taking you down into that street, an additional terror that influenced you in your conduct?—A. Yes, it was, my Lord.

Mr. William Lingham, taylor, in the Strand, proved that the two prisoners, together with a person of the name of Muir, or who called himself so, came to his shop, and bargained for some clothes, some of which they bought ready made, others they ordered to be delivered afterwards, some waistcoats were ready, some great coats to be made up; they paid for what they bought. Muir presented a draft drawn by Mr. Orde, the prosecutor's brother, on Mr. Proveux, of the Horse Guards; they said they would call in a few hours, that Mr. Lingham might have an opportunity of examining whether it was right or not; he did so, Mr. Proveux having accepted it, Mr. Lingham was satisfied; the three persons came again, he discounted the note, and gave them the balance, which was £7 : 18s.—his bill being £10 : 2s.—Bevan paid him the draft, and indorsed it with his name—"George Bevan, Little Grosvenor-street." The clothes were ordered to be taken to Swallow-street. Bevan was known to the foreman, and some of the servants of Mr. Lingham, having bought clothes there before.—When the draft was presented at Drummond's, where it was payable, payment was stopped—Hemmings was then in custody.

Jane Bailey, a servant of Mr. Lingham, gave an account of the delivery of that part of the clothes which were to be made up to order of Muir, and a great-coat for Bevan's wife.

Richard Lovat, Marlborough-street Police officer, who apprehended the wife of the prisoner Bevan, said, that in consequence of what he learnt from her, he apprehended Bevan himself, in Savile-row, by the dead wall. He found a duplicate at Bevan's lodgings, in Swallow-

Swallow-street, by which it appeared the great-coat that he had from Mr. Lingham had been pawned by Bevan's wife.

Robert Vincent, shopman to Mr. Page, a pawn-broker in Sherrard-street, produced the coat, which was proved to be the coat furnished by Mr. Lingham, and which had been paid for by this draft, produced by Bevan.

The Reverend John Norman Orde sworn—"I am the brother of the prosecutor Hen. Craven Orde.—At the time of this robbery I was in town with him, at No. 22, Sackville-street—I am the drawer of this bill of exchange, meaning the bill contained in the purse delivered by his brother to the robbers, and I gave it to my brother.—On the morning of the 26th of March the prisoner Hemmings came to Sackville-street.—I was shewn to him in the back parlour.—He produced a purse, this is it—shewing it—saying, this is the purse you gave to the gentleman's servant the night before last, in the Strand. I opened the purse, and said, "Where is the draft?" He replied, "You know that you gave it to Jones—I mean Smith—to enjoin him to secrecy." I said, "Look in my face, and be sure you know me," he looked up and said, "I know you very well; I have often seen you about town, and could swear to you any where; I am the person who advised you to pay the money to settle the business." I said, "then you are a Bow-street officer?" He said, "Yes, I am." After a short time I asked him the same question. He said, "I am not a Bow-street officer now; but I was two months ago," He then said to me "you could not get away from these men in the Strand, without my assistance." I then went to the door, and told the servant to fetch a constable. He heard me give the servant that order, and before the constable came, Hemmings said, "it was very hard he should be detained, that he was a total stranger to the man, and was passing by accidentally at the time; he added, "you know you offered me a seven shillings piece to take your part, which I refused." I should have said, that when he gave me the purse he said "the gentleman's servant to whom you gave it, desired I would return it to you;" he said, that at the time he spoke of the gentleman's servant in the Strand, the papers now in the purse were in it then.

Mr. Orde, the prosecutor, on looking at these papers, proved them all to be his, many of them were memorandums of his own, which were in his purse when he gave it to the robbers.

Joseph Hodges, Mr. Orde's servant, overheard much of the conversation between his master and Hemmings, and corroborated his master's account of it.

Joseph Lubton, butler to Mr. Orde of Lincoln's-Inn-fields. Master in Chancery, gave an account of the prisoner Hemmings coming there with this purse and papers, supposing they belonged to that Mr. Orde, but he learnt there, by this witness, that they were the papers of Mr. Orde, at 22 Sackville-street, which accounted for his going there.

Rivett, the Marlborough-street police officer, swore he had been there 11 years, and there was no pretence for saying that Hemmings was an officer there.

Another officer of Bow-street said that Hemmings was no officer of Bow-street, nor was there any pretence for supposing he was a police officer to his knowledge.

The prisoners made each a long speech

speech in their defence, the substance of which was, that this draft was brought to town by Muir, who was a traveller, and with whom Bevan became acquainted at Bath, met him by accident at the Hit or Miss public-house, in Swallow-street, and said he wanted cash for this draft. They agreed to go to Lingham's and pass it there, which they did.

Hemmings said he took the gentleman's part in the street when the pocket-book was lost by him; that he, Hemmings, picked up the leather purse after the scuffle was over, and carried it back to the owner, &c. &c.

Mr. Baron Thomson, who had most patiently heard and taken down the whole evidence, and the prisoner's defence, summed the case up very ably, observing that this was a capital offence, a highway robbery; to constitute which it was necessary that some violence should be offered to the person of the prosecutor, or such threats be made use of as may induce him to part with his property; there must be that sort of putting in fear, either by threat or actual violence, as may be sufficient to induce a man of ordinary nerves, of an ordinary constant and steady mind, to part from his property on account of that fear. Such threats or violence, where there was any thing taken from the persons, amounted to a highway robbery, and he was of opinion, in which he hoped to be honoured by the sanction of my Lord Chief Justice and his learned brother now on the bench, in that opinion. Here Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Justice Rooke assented—that what had been done in this case to the prosecutor, amounted to the crime of highway robbery, and the only question was, whether the prisoners were the persons concerned in it or not.—Here the learned Baron summed up every word of the evidence, as well as the prisoner's defence, making appropriate observations on the most leading parts of it, and leaving to the jury the province of concluding as the case struck them.

The jury having withdrawn, remained out of court for about five minutes, and brought in their verdict, finding both the prisoners—Guilty—Death.

Hemmings is twenty-six, and Bevan thirty-six years of age.

FOOT RACE.

THE foot race between Lord Edward Somerset, and the Hon. Edward Harbord, took place on Friday morning the 16th instant, in Lord's Cricket Ground. The space to be run was nearly one hundred yards. Lord Edward had the start of Mr. Harbord, and maintained the advantage for about 60 yards, when Mr. Harbord gained upon and crossed him. In passing they ran against each other, and in consequence, as it was supposed, of the rencontre, Lord Edward fell. Mr. Harbord came in first of course; but a dispute arose respecting the cause of Lord Edward's fall, which was not decided till after a long conference between three gentlemen, to whom the matter in question was referred. Lord Frederic Beauclerk was chosen umpire, and his decision was as follows: that on account of the accident which happened, the race was void; but Mr. Harbord is allowed the power of calling upon Lord Edward to run the race over again, any time within the next six months, upon giving his Lordship six weeks notice. The bets were six to four in favour of Mr. Harbord.

SPARRING EXHIBITION.

THE amateurs of the art of pugilism assembled at the Fives Court, St. Martin's-street, Leicester Square, the 29th ult. to subscribe to the past services of two veterans of the fist, W. Ward and Dan Mendoza, who had a benefit there. Most of the fighting men of the day exhibited before a very numerous company, viz. Mendoza, Ward, the two Belchers, Ryan, Firby, O'Donnel, Brady, Richman, O'Shaughnessey, Dutch Sam, &c.

The first couple were Brady and Daniels, which match was nearly equal. Brady had the best of it. Young Ryan and O'Donnel were the next combatants; they were well matched, and their skill afforded sufficient amusement, for the hitting and stopping were inferior to none. The candidates for public countenance next appeared; after which, Ikey Pig, a Jew, who had fought a battle with Crib, on Blackheath, and proved himself a shy bird, sparred with Mendoza. This match afforded little amusement, inasmuch as it displayed the advantage of superior science in the art.

After Mendoza had amused himself with his opponent as he thought proper, Firby and Trig, a veteran of the old school, entered. This was merely to introduce Trig, who, grown old and disabled in the service, was pointed out by Firby as an object of clemency. A liberal subscription afforded him relief. Young Belcher and Richman, the Black, next entered the ring; but the Black stood no chance, Belcher having the advantage in all points.

Tom Belcher and one of the principal amateurs of the fist were the next exhibitants.—Belcher had a decided advantage over his opponent, who, however, is no ordinary bruiser; several hits were exchanged, but science was too much on one side.

Dutch Sam and young Mendoza were the next couple, and there was but little advantage on either side. The amusement closed with Charley O'Shaughnessey and a man much his superior in height and strength. There were present about 700 spectators, mostly gentlemen, admirers of boxing, the admission being two shillings and six-pence.

Firby afterwards informed the company that a match was made between Dutch Sam and young Belcher for 100 guineas aside, to fight in six weeks.

The Chicken and Gulley were not present. The former is at Bristol, and the latter at Brighton, as some say, in training for another combat with the Chicken.

COL. THORNTON AND C. C. BURTON, ESQ.

Court of Common Pleas, April 24.

COL. THORNTON *v.* C. CHRISTIE BURTON, ESQ.

THE Court was moved by Mr. Serjeant Cockell for a rule to shew cause why judgment entered upon a warrant of attorney should not be set aside, and the instrument returned to the defendant, on paying what was due to the plaintiff. The application was grounded on an affidavit, which set forth, that in November, 1805, the defendant attained the age of 21 years, and consequently became entitled to the profits of a considerable estate. Some time previously he had known Col. Thornton, whom he visited at Thornville Royal, Yorkshire. While at the latter place he was urged by the

the Colonel to purchase several horses, and other property, which were to be disposed of. An inventory of pictures, libraries, curiosities, wines, horses, deer, hounds, and a variety of sporting articles was made out by the plaintiff, and the collection of pictures described to be from the pencils of the most celebrated masters.—There were two Rubens, valued at 1000 guineas; a Caracci, at 800; a Venus and Cupids, and several paintings of animals, equally choice. The wines were recommended as a valuable acquisition. The port and sherry were said to be 40 years of age, and some of it had belonged to the King of France; in short, the whole was termed *bonne bouche* wine, and worthy the palate of a Bacchanalian. The Colonel proposed that the defendant should become a purchaser, and agreed to take securities for payment at two instalments, payable in the year 1807; the whole amounting to £7000. Other purchases were made; and some time after the defendant, being embarrassed in his affairs, was arrested for £300. at Doncaster: on which occasion the plaintiff bailed him, and proposed that he should give a warrant of attorney to cover his effects, which he, the plaintiff, was to hold as a trustee. Advice on the subject was obtained from a professional gentleman at Doncaster; and the defendant finally executed the instrument, which confessed judgment in the Court of Common Pleas, to the amount of an immense sum. The same judgment was afterwards entered up, and the Court was now moved to set it aside. In support of the application it was stated, that the defendant had been imposed upon; that the pictures were copies, the horses diseased, and but few of the articles purchased answering the description given of them. Many of the items before enumerated were not delivered; and, under all the circumstances of the case, it was hoped the Court would order the warrant of attorney to be given up, on the defendant paying all that was fairly due to the plaintiff.—The Court granted a rule to shew cause.

ANSWER.

In the same Court, Monday May 19th.—Colonel Thornton appeared and addressed the Court for about twenty minutes, in answer to the above affidavit of C. C. Burton, Esq. The Colonel's address was delivered in a temperate manner, and he received great attention from the Court. His object in obtruding himself upon the notice of their Lordships, he said, was, that the imputation of dishonourable conduct which had been cast upon him might be removed, by a full investigation by the Court, of the transaction Mr. Burton had thought proper to complain of, and place in the light he had done. So far from any chicanery having been practised by the Colonel, to induce that gentleman to become the purchaser of the pictures, dogs, deer, horses, &c. which he had enumerated in his affidavit, it was only at his extreme solicitation, that he, Colonel Thornton, disposed of them; and the sale was not secretly nor clandestinely managed, as had been charged, but was made in the presence of several gentlemen, who were now ready to give evidence on the subject, and to expose the calumny of the accusation. For the articles which were disposed of to Mr. Burton, the Colonel had been repeatedly offered much more considerable sums than he had achrged; and, upon the court granting the investigation he now solicited,

The Hind.

cited, it would be seen how widely different the truth of the case was to the statement which had been preferred in the affidavits, and who the really injured party was. The Court ordered, that the case should be referred to the Prothonotary to investigate and report upon. Colonel Thornton then thanked their Lordships, and retired.

THE HIND.

An Engraving.

IN this print the Hind appears to have been just roused, and the hounds at her haunches; the subject speaking for itself, we shall offer no other description.—The sporting world perfectly understand its meaning, and render further observations unnecessary.

DEATH OF TOM COLLINS THE COMEDIAN.

ON Sunday morning the 4th instant, died at his father's house in Portsmouth, Mr. T. Collins, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. He was an actor of the most exquisite talents. Genius and feeling had early laid the foundations of his fine acting, and the skill which governed and harmonized his powers, arose out of a minute and just observation of the movements of the human mind. Early in his life, appeared the dawn of that excellence which afterwards shone with such enviable lustre. His father, well knowing the precarious profession of a performer, had put him as a pupil to Mr. Brooks, then leader of the band at the Bath theatre, and afterwards leader at Vauxhall. In this profession, his progress was considerable, but a destiny of another kind awaited him. While he was yet a pupil of Mr. Brooks, and on a visit to his father, he played a part, we believe for a benefit. Such was the impression he made, that, from that moment, his future employment was decided. His first performance, after he regularly dedicated himself to the profession, was at Southampton, in the part of Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin, when he was no more than eighteen years of age. This was very successful, and was long after remembered. From this period Mr. T. Collins performed in his father's company with a decided and very high reputation, till the year 1802, when Mr. Sheridan saw him play at Winchester. To develope genius before Mr. Sheridan, was to win his heart, independent of the interest he had in Drury-lane Theatre. A negotiation was instantly commenced, and Mr. T. Collins was soon engaged at 4, 5, and £6, per week, for three years. Mr. Sheridan attended his first night's performance in London, consisting of Jabal and Robin Roughhead. Before he left the theatre, he voluntarily raised Mr. T. Collins's salary to 6, 7, and £8 per week; and here we may add, to dismiss that part of the subject, that at the end of the first three years, Mr. T. Collins was engaged for three years more, at a salary of 10, 12, and £14. He was, it will be seen, four seasons, at Drury-lane, including the last, which, however, ill health greatly abridged as to his performing. It is pleasing to see and relate such conduct as that of one of the finest

theatres in the world, to such a man as T. Collins. It was throughout in the same spirit as that we have already mentioned; when the manager saw that Mr. T. Collins suffered from his anxiety to return to the discharge of his duties, he most earnestly pressed upon him the necessity of thinking only for the present of the means of restoring his health.

The impression which Mr. T. Collins made in London, where there are many delicate and refined tastes to please, was instantaneous and unequivocal. In him was seen one to replace Weston, Shuter, and Edwin. The truth is, an occasional glympse shewed, that he had the finer qualities of all three—the simplicity "true simplicity, not insanity," the imaginative richness, the frolic, the impressive touch, which severally distinguished those favourite actors. Our limits do not permit of the dissecting of his principal characters; but his performance of them would well bear it. He was not the same thing in every part, but was in each the very thing required. The two original characters he played in London, slight as they were in themselves, served to shew how exquisitely fine his conception and his facility of execution were. The parts he had generally played, it may be worth while to set down; in London, they were, Jabal, Robin Roughhead, Master Slender, Midas, Crabtree, Shacabac, Timothy Quaint, the Sham Duke, and Sharp in the Lying Valet; in the country, beside these, he played Crack in the Turnpike Gate; Lingo, Jemmy Jumps, and many others of a strong comic cast. His early knowledge of music was of great use to him in some of these characters, for his singing was never destitute of a certain and sufficient degree of science. To sum up all, the stage has lost in him one of the finest comedians in his line of acting, it ever had. And as to his private character, he was a man whom all loved who knew him. Every thing that relates to one so much and sincerely regretted is interesting, and therefore it may not be amiss to state, that there are three portraits of him, all by De Wilde, in the respective characters of Master Slender, Timothy Quaint, and the Sham Duke. The last, we believe, is in the present exhibition.

He had been greatly reduced by a lingering illness, and at length died rather suddenly. His remains were interred in the church yard of Portsmouth, in the grave of his father-in-law. He was in the 32d year of his age.

SALE
OF THE HORSE SNOWDROP.

SNOWDROP has lately been sold, by his owner, W. Thorold, Esq. of Syston Park, Lincolnshire, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for 100gs. This beautiful animal, not more than fourteen hands three inches high, is of the purest white; and, though only rising eight years old, of great strength, and has the most perfect action imaginable in all his paces. From the elegance of his figure, and perfect safety of his action, he is likely to become one of the Prince's greatest favourites as a summer horse.

Grantham, May 17, 1806.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE chamber maid at an inn, being lately asked at a trial for crim. con. if the adultress and her paramour lived like man and wife? Yes, my Lord, cried Betty, they did, for they quarrelled from morning till night.

DR. Radcliffe, it is well known, loved his glass; as he was one day enjoying it in a convivial circle in a coffee-house, a man entreated him to visit his wife, who was taken suddenly ill. The doctor said, he would accompany him immediately, but the affectionate husband, a stout robust figure, impatient of delay, threw the doctor over his shoulder and ran off with him. As they were ascending the stairs, "Now," says the doctor, "I'll be even with you, you rascal, for I'll cure your wife."

SIR William Keir, who is going out Adjutant-General to India, lost his arm in consequence of a duel with Sir Marcus Somerville. Sir William soon after assumed an artificial arm, and, singular to say, this arm was carried away by a cannon ball, while he was gallantly fighting with the enemies of his country; on which Sir William remarked, "By J—s, but I'll not be at the expence of finding any more arms to be popped off in this manner;" and has ever since worn a loose sleeve.

A DISPUTE lately taking place between an English cobler and an Irish chairman, concerning the great similarity of sign-boards in a certain town in Kent, wherein there are eighteen public-houses, the former affirmed that he knew of no fewer than seven signs of bulls, which the other denied, and a wager was made on the subject. The Englishman then proceeded to name the houses, viz. the Black Bull, the Pied Bull, the Red Bull, the Grey Bull, the Brown Bull, the Spotted Bull, and, unable to think of another, the Dun Cow. "Oh, by the powers!" cried Pat, "and that's *a Bull!*"—"So it is," rejoined the other, "which makes the seventh!" Pat of course lost his bet.

A GENTLEMAN in Bolton, a little time ago, bought a horse, warranted sound; having had him in his possession a few days, and not finding him to answer, returned him with the following elegant epistle:—

"Sir—Inclosed you will receive your horse—whom is not sound—when I bought him from you, you told me as a gentleman it was sound!—The first time I rode him, was as far as Holland, and on the road he tripp'd very much—which gave me very great reason—she was an unsound horse—I have only to say unless you take the horse back—I will tell every one that you know, how you have used me, and if you do not receive him I will not take the horse back, as I bought him for a sound one—So you had better take him like an honest man—Dam you there is a cutter for you."

A CERTAIN writer says he does not see why good London porter should not be brewed in Dublin.

A NEW modern traveller says, that the inhabitants of desert islands are generally found to be extremely jealous of their wives.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EPSOM RACES.

ON Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the Metropolis poured forth an incredible number of its inhabitants to Epsom Races, nor was the surrounding country less liberal in contributing to the aggregate of visitors. The gradation of rank in those from London was, from the Prince of Wales down to the donkey racer; and from the country, the Peer to the ploughboy.

The Derby Stakes on Thursday, was won by Sir F. Standish's Paris, bought by Lord Foley, beating Lord Egremont's b. c. Trafalgar, Lord S. Chichester's gr. c. and several others. Very severe running by the three named; Paris won by half a neck. The £50 Plate, on the same day, was won by Mr. Ladbroke's Prospero.

On Friday, the Oaks' Stakes was won by Mr. B. Craven, who named the Duke of Queensberry's b. f. Bronze, which beat Lord Egremont's b. f. Jerboa, Mr. Lake's b. f. Rosabella, and Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter Teazle. There were eight others started, but the Judge could only place the first four. The £50 Plate this day was won by Mr. Croft's bay mare, sister to Houghton-Lass, 3 yrs old, beating Lord Egremont's ch. g. Cerberus, by Gohanna. There were three drawn.

The 50gs Sweepstakes, on Saturturday, was won by Lord Egremont's b. c. beating Mr. Durand's ch. g. And the 10gs Sweepstakes by Mr. Moorhouse's b. c. beating Mr. Ladbroke's bay colt, and Mr. Lake's bay filly.

A young man, who was run over by one of the horses during the race for the Oaks on Friday, died on Saturday. A dreadful accident, with broken bones, likewise befel a Mr. Buxton and Mr. Atkins, returning in a carriage from the races on Saturday evening; they are attended by Mr. Ramsden the Surgeon, and the situation of both gentlemen is truly distressing.

ASCOT-HEATH.

THESE Races are to commence on Tuesday the 10th day of June next.

Wednesday.—The Swinley Stakes of 25gs each, 15gs ft. for three and four-yr olds. The last mile and half.

Sir J. Mawbey's b. c. Candidate, (late Quartermaster) by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.

Mr. Kellerman's ch. c. Jamaica, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Chippenham, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.

Lord Grosvenor's ch. f. Norah, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 7st 1lb.

Mr. Lake's b. f. Rosabella, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 7st 1lb.

Mr. Ladbroke's bay colt, Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb.

Mr. Forth's b. c. Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb.

MR. Mellish

Mr. Mellish has staggered the whole turf, by offering a bet of twenty thousand guineas p. p. that he will personally ride on horseback from London to York, the distance between which places is 201 miles, within *ten hours*.

Extract of a letter from York, April 30.—"This day a long depending match against time was decided between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Ray. Four hundred guineas to one hundred that Mr. H. did not drive one of his horses, with himself and another person in a chaise, from London to York, in forty-eight successive hours. This he performed with apparent ease in forty-six hours and fifty minutes; having started from London at six o'clock on Monday morning, and arrived at York ten minutes before five on Wednesday. He offered to take the same bet, to go from York to London in the same time, and start this day week, with the same horse."

A gentleman of the name of Dysart, who resides at Brockney, Berks, undertook, for a wager of 30gs, to kill thirteen pigeons from a box successively, without missing. The performance took place on Wednesday, in Burnham Fields, near Maidenhead, and bets were three to two against Dysart, who killed the first twelve, and wounded the thirteenth. The bird was just enabled to quit the bounds allotted for the winged one to drop, where it fell, and was caught.—Mr. D. of course lost the wager.

A sporting gentleman has backed a groom in his service, to run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket in twenty-one minutes, for 100gs. The course is four miles, one furlong, and 138 yards, over which many foot-races have been run. A servant in the employment of Lord March, the present Duke of Queensberry, performed it in twenty-two minutes, some years since, for a considerable wager. The odds are against the present performance.

In the evening of the first day of Goodwood Races, there was a foot race between Levi Baldwin, a black trumpeter in the 4th dragoons, and a Yorkshireman; they ran a hundred and fifty yards, for twenty-five guineas, which was easily won by the latter.—He is the most astonishing runner we ever witnessed.

On the day of Chatham Races, a foot race was run on the distance ground, between a grenadier of the name of Clegg, and a light infantry soldier named Goldger, both of the Guards: the distance one hundred yards, uncommonly well contested, both parties running exactly even with each other, till within a few yards of the winning post, which Clegg passed with a bound, and beat his adversary. The victor was carried in triumph on the shoulders of his comrades.

Another foot race also occurred between two soldiers of the Guards, who were to have run a mile round the course, but was not decided, one of them refusing to proceed in the race, after having gone nearly half his distance, because he was not assisted in getting up after he had fallen, although assistance had been afforded to his competitor under the same circumstances.

On Monday morning the 12th inst. a foot race was run in Hyde Park, between Gurley, who won the great race at Brighton, last Summer, and a soldier in the Guards.—The match was for forty guineas, and the distance 300 yards. It was a closely contested race until the parties arrived within 30 yards of the goal of victory, when Gurley beat his adversary about five yards.

Upwards

Upwards of two thousand spectators were present.

SINGULAR outrage by some military officers at Shoreham.—During the stay of a party of militia at Shoreham, at which place they had lately halted on their route from Portsmouth to Lewes, the officers sojourned at the Star Inn. In this inn there is a commodious room, which is occasionally used as a ball-room, but at other times is crossed by a deal partition, so as to form two convenient apartments. In one division of the room, the militia officers dined, and enjoyed the convivial glass subsequently. The audible progress of their hilarity, however, it seems rather interrupted the mirth of some officers in the room on the other side of the partition, one of whom, it is said, frequently took the liberty of calling out to them, "make less noise."—The militia officers disregarding the words so rudely addressed to them, continued to animate conversation. One of the officers in the adjoining room—probably flushed with the Tuscan grape—irritated at their conduct, at length discharged a pistol at the partition, the ball of which perforated it, and very narrowly missed one of the gentlemen on the opposite side, all of whom now loudly inquired the cause of such unhandsome conduct. They were answered by the discharge of a second pistol, but which, happily, proved not more fatal than the first. Conviviality was now at an end.—The militia officers, it is said, mixed with the officers in the room from whence the pistols had been discharged, and insisted upon being informed who the person was that acted with so much temerity. The others, however, refused to comply with their request; but the name of the individual who acted so improperly has been since ascertained.—The particulars of this transaction are to be laid before the commander in chief.

ASSAULT at a race-course.—The King v. Rich. Julian and Allis Archer, Esqrs.——These persons, the former of whom is a major in the army, were brought up for judgment in Easter term, 1806. They had been found guilty before Mr. Justice Rooke, at Exeter, of an assault upon William Smith, an upholsterer. It appeared from the report of the trial made by the learned judge, that Sir Manasseh Lopez, and William Langley, Esq. were appointed stewards of the race-course at Pickley Down, and under whom the defendants assisted. During the races, a plate of the value of fifty guineas was started for by two horses named Ironsides, and Quilldriver. Duing the time the animals were running, the prosecutor placed himself in the middle of the course, and refused to retire.—Upon Mr. Julian's expostulating, he still maintained his position. To avoid accidents, the Major was obliged to thrust him from the ground, when Smith abused him in the grossest manner. Subsequently to this period the prosecutor again appeared upon the course, when Mr. Julian acquainted the company with the abuse he had received, and it was unanimously agreed that Smith should be horse-whipped from the grounds. In consequence of this resolution, several gentlemen, among whom the defendants were most active, commenced the attack, and continued it so successfully, that the enemy was driven from the field.

Affidavits were then produced by the defendants, from George Stopland, Esq. Mr. John Ware, the rider of Ironsides, Thomas Clinton Shields, and Charles Tink, to prove the

the obstinacy and provoking conduct of the prosecutor.

Mr. Serjeant Lens.—"We did not, my Lords, desire that the defendants should be brought up for judgment, if an apology were made.

Lord Ellenborough said, it would be most for the interests of the defendants to accept the proposal which had been made, merely from motives of tenderness to the defendants. This was agreed to.

The intended improvements at Lowther-Hall, which have been for some time in preparation, are upon a scale of such extent and splendour as are not known in those parts.—The stables, which are now begun, under the direction of Mr. Smirke jun. the architect, are calculated for one hundred horses. The exterior of this edifice will correspond with the magnificence of the principal structure, the building of which will commence immediately on the stables being completed.

On the second instant, a truly ludicrous pugilistic contest took place in St. James's Street.—A party of May-day chimney sweepers were exhibiting their garlands in front of White's coffee-house, when a gentleman, who was pleased with their eccentricities, threw them out a shilling; the motley groupe rushed to pick it up, and in the scuffle the piece of money was lost. It appeared that the party had strong ground to believe that the lady of the company had secreted the same; in consequence of which she was publicly accused, and denying the charge, a challenge ensued; a fight followed, and the borrowed finery was quickly torn from the combatants. They fought with great courage for near half an hour, when the boy who wore the female habiliments gained the victory: and a man of fashion, who had paid great attention to the encounter, liberally rewarded him for his spirit.

On Sunday, the 18th instant, a high-mettled racer, by what accident we know not, left his chaise and company behind him in Hyde Park, and proceeded in grand style down Constitution-hill, and through St. James's Park, with only the traces at his heels, which occasionally gave him some annoyance: he turned sharp into the stable-yard, paced along Cleveland Row and Pall Mall, and at length reached his apartments in the city, where he was some hours afterwards visited by a young buck, from whose companionship he had made so precipitate a retreat.

Woodcocks.—The end of last month, a woodcock's nest was found by some children gathering fuel in Calvin's Wood, in the parish of Bucclebury. The rarity of this occurrence excited a great deal of curiosity in the neighbourhood, and drew numbers to the spot: the bird was daily flushed from her nest by her unwelcome visitors, who had thus repeated proofs that the eggs did not belong to one of any other genus, or to another of the numerous species of the snipe: they are considerably larger than the partridge's, nearer the size of the guinea-hen's, and speckled with a darker brown; the nest, placed on the ground, consists of dry leaves and feathers, which the hen apparently has plucked from her own body. The incubation of the parent was too often interrupted since the discovery to expect the production of her young, supposing the chief cause of generation not wanting—for two of the kind had been seen in the same part of the wood not long before—and the eggs to remain; but some person has taken them away.

That

That woodcocks breed in this country is now ascertained beyond any possibility of doubt;—since the above, a couple of young ones, about half grown, were caught by a countryman in a wood, called Shrub Wood, in the parish of Caversham, Oxon, and exhibited as a curiosity to many inhabitants of Reading; a third was seen but could not be taken. The plumage exactly resembled that of the old birds, and the bill was proportionate to their growth.—A gentleman very liberally and handsomely rewarded the countryman for carrying them back, and turning them loose into the wood from which they had been taken, as there was not the least probability of their being raised by any other means.

Lately died, Mr. Thomas Taylor, master of the Globe Inn, at Alresford. He was well known as an excellent cricketer for some years.

On Monday the 12th instant, two game-keepers, named John Pike and Anthony Gill, belonging to Sir John Lethbridge, of Bishop's Lydeard, went with their guns into a meadow to shoot at rooks that were building nests on some trees adjoining the rookery and plantations of John Winter, Esq. of the same parish. Pike and Gill were resting on the but-end of their guns, with the muzzles towards their bodies; Gill's gun slid from the stump of a tree where it rested, and with his right hand he took it by the barrel to draw it up. When it came in contact with his right side the gun went off, the load passed from his right to his left side, entered his heart, and he died in an instant. An inquest was taken the next day. Verdict—Accidental death. It is singular that this man was, a few weeks since, summoned before two magistrates by Mr. Winter, for shooting on the same premises; but promising not to offend again, he was pardoned.

In repairing the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, the workmen found a crow's nest; the sticks of which, on account of their singularity, they are cutting and selling for tobacco-stoppers.

One Richard Bush of Burton, in Westmorland, was lately committed to the house of correction in Kendal. This fellow has for some time past made a practice of following droves of cattle, and lurking about cow-houses at night, when he took an opportunity to dock or cut off the long hair which grows from the end of the cow's tails, which was not merely a source of vexation to the owners, but often a real loss; as a dealer would frequently require an abatement of from five to ten shillings a head, in consequence of their being so disfigured. It is supposed that at least one thousand cows have been docked, and robbed of their hair by this fellow, who has escaped detection until the 14th instant at night; when a farmer in Whinfield hearing a noise in the cow-house, went to see what was the occasion of it, and found him hard at work, having completely docked five cows, and engaged with a sixth.

A cat, belonging to a gentleman at Kempston, in the county of Bedford, was recently given to a person at Girtford, about ten miles distance from Kempston, which was taken to Girtford in a basket; and when taken out on its arrival there, it instantly made its escape from its new owners, and in the morning when the servants got up, it was found at its old residence, scratching at the door for admittance.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE FLAX-DRESSER'S WIFE AND THE POUND OF TEA.

'TWAS more than fifty years ago,
In Spoondon's simple village,
Spoondon in Derbyshire, I trow,
Well known for useful tillage.

There dwelt a pair of simple souls—
The husband a flax-dresser;
His wife dress'd victuals for his jowls,
And darn'd his hose—God bless her.

Now these poor folks had got a friend,
Who dwelt in London city;
And oft some present he would send
To John and Dame, in pity.

Now reader, if you'll backwards turn,
And read this tale's beginning,
Full half a century, you'll learn,
This story has been spinning.

Now near that time, you must be told,
Tea first came into fashion;
Tea, which oft made a husband scold,
And bounce about in passion:

At least, 'mongst those of middling life,
It made a hideous riot;
To have a gay tea-drinking wife,
A man could ne'er be quiet.

'Twas thought as bad as now, I ween—
A sin since then grown bigger—
Were a man's wife, by guzzling gin,
To cut a reeling figure.

But London, who drank tea the first,
Grew reconcil'd unto it;
And though 'twas thought of crimes the worst,
The ladies still would do it.

Now, reader, the flax-dresser's friend,
(The flax-dresser of Spoondon)
Thought a good pound of tea he'd send,
To solace them, from London.

But he forgot, good man, I trow,
That in this favour'd nation,
Good things, or bad, still travel slow,
Like cow-inoculation.

Nor ever dreamt, you may believe,
That they had no more notion,
What was the gift they did receive,
Than of the Western Ocean.

So when it came, long ponder'd they,
How 'twas to be devour'd;
They wish'd he'd sent some hint to say,
For they were quite o'erpower'd.

At length, right well they both agreed—
'Twere best it should be taken,
By way of *greens*, when next they'd need,
With some of their fat bacon.

Next day arriv'd, the flaxman's wife
Set on her saucepan flattish;
Popp'd in the tea, then siez'd a knife,
And cut some bacon *fattish*.

The bacon soon enough was done;
But still the tea, so evil,
Kept very tough—the clock struck one;
She wish'd it at the devil.

For at the noon of ev'ry day,
These humble friends of labour,
Took their plain meal; nor only they,
For so did ev'ry neighbour.

Finding it hard, though tasted oft,
She bawl'd out like a sinner—
"This cursed stuff will ne'er be soft,
So John, come down to dinner!"

J. M. L.

THE MATRIMONIAL ACCOUNT BALANCED.

ROBERT met Richard by the way,
He had not seen for many a day;
Quoth Robert—" Richard, how d'ye do?
—Observing Dick look rather blue—
Since last we met have matters varied?"
" Strangely, friend Bob, for I've been married!"
" That is good news," Bob, chuckling, cried.
" Not quite so good," poor Dick replied.
" Why? what's the matter? won't it do?"
" Not when one's wife turns out a shrew."
" That's bad."—Quoth Dick, " not past all bounds,
As with her I'd two hundred pounds."
" That's well again." " No faith," quoth Dick—
As leaning on his crooked stick—
" I dealt in sheep that had the rot,
And every one is gone to pot."
" That's worse again," quoth honest Bob,
" Your sheep turn'd out an ugly job."
" Nay, not so ugly to the full—
I made my money by the wool!"
" That's well again!" " Troth, not so well;
For what I did my fleeces sell,
I bought a cottage that was burn'd."
" Thy tables thus were sadly turn'd,"
" Hold! not quite so—for in that fire
Did my poor patient wife expire!"

EDGAR.

NEW READINGS.

TWO country louts, a short time since,
Of vast *great* heads, but *little* sense,
Were reading in a morning paper,
About the Continental vapour;
At length their learning quite to foil,
Appear'd these words—a fine *coup d'œil.*
Both star'd, then spelt it o'er and o'er,
Which serv'd but to perplex them more.
At length, quite tir'd, they both agreed,
" 'Twaz zpelt zo bad no one could read;"
" Yet ztop," says Hodge, " I haz him now,
A cup of *oil* it meanz, I trow:
Yez, yez, that zpeaks itzelf the thing,
Mix'd up with poizon for zum king,"
'Twas cup of oil, they both agreed,
But zpelt zo bad, no one could read.
" *Armée en masse*—there goze't again,
I knowz as how ther'z no zuch thing;
Thiz printer-man must be a vool,
Or elze he never vent to zchoal.
Army in mass, indeed, what's that?
He be'z a vool—I tell'z him flat.
He meanz the army in a *mess*—
He meanz Mack's army—noothing less.

ELECTION SONG.

Air—The night before Larry was stretch'd.

ATTEND, ye electors, to me,
Who want either place or promotion;
No matter what kind or degree—
The army, the church, or the ocean;
The customs, the law, or excise,
With any, or all, I'll supply you;
Come forward and whisper your price,
And, cost what it will, I can buy you!
Sing tol de rol, tol de rol rol.

But India's the place for ye all,
And I'm the great India Comptroller,
Can serve both the great and the small,
Who'll come forward, and now be my poller;
In Writers and Cadets I deal,
By wholesome appointments I send 'em,
And I'll either beg, borrow, or steal,
To help your conditions and mend 'em.
Li tol de rol, &c.

'Tis fit my intentions be known;
Then hear ye!—When I am elected,
Your int'rest I'll pin on my own,
And thus, it shall not be neglected;
But lest you should question my word,
Which, God knows, would heavily grieve me,
I swear by the faith of a lord,
And now you may safely believe me.
Li tol de rol, &c.

Oh! can you forget the parade,
When first on your shoulders you bore me,
How stoutly you roar'd and huzza'd,
And ran with my motto before me—
Professions, whose *potent* effect,
As a *candidate* strongly did bind me,
But when I was *member elect,*
They were left on the hustings behind me.
Sing tol de rol, &c.

SONG.

GOOD OLD THINGS.

IN the days of my youth I've been frequently told,
That the best of good things are despis'd when they're old,
Yet I own, I'm so lost to the modes of this life,
As to prize an old friend, and to love an old wife;
And the first of enjoyments, through life, has been mine,
To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

In this gay world, new fashions spring up ev'ry day,
And to make room for them, still the old must give way;
A new fav'rite at court will an old one displace,
And too oft an old friend will put on a new face;
Yet the pride, pomp, and splendour, of courts I'd resign,
To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

With old England, by some folks, great faults have been found,
Though they've since found much greater on New England's ground;
And the thief a new region *transportedly* hails,
Quitting Old England's coast for a trip to New Wales:
But such *transporting* trips, pleas'd with home, I'd decline,
To regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

By the bright golden sun, that gives birth to the day,
Though as old as this globe, which he gilds with his ray,
And the moon, which though new ev'ry month, as we're told,
Is the same silver lamp, near six thousand years old;
Could the lamp of my life last while sun and moon shine,
I'd regale an old friend with a flask of old wine.

B * * * * *.

A SUBLIME, LUMINOUS, AND PROFOUND PROPHECY.

WHEN Polyphemus shall a sempstress turn,
And icicles like lighted flambeaux burn;
When broad St. Giles's shall ascend the sky,
And Grosv'nor-square be fill'd with apple pie;
When South America shakes hands with Greece,
When castles in the air are let on lease;
When glow-worms' tails shall fire old ocean's floods,
When Rhadamanthus steeps his wig in suds;
When Sir John Lade shall guide Apollo's car,
And Hamlet's Ghost get drunk with Dr. P···;
When with red herrings teems the grand canal,
When Neptune drives a gig along Pall Mall;
When the sun's orb wants lustre, when the sky
Wants stars, and Eldon wants integrity;
'Mongst the learn'd doctors of her rev'rend fold,
When wond'ring Lambeth sees Tom Paine enroll'd;
When Billington shall warble heathen Greek,
When Sheridan grows dull, and H····y meek;
When pickled sturgeon from the stars shall drop,
When Bonaparte keeps a chandler's shop;
When beaver broad humility denotes,
When physic finds its way down doctors' throats;
When Epic bays emblazon B····s skull,
When Mother Shipton shaves the Great Mogul;
When Howard grows enamour'd of small beer,
And when Jack Ketch is made an Irish peer;
When sucking pigs shall sing in every grove,
And oysters fatten in a Romford stove;
When farthing candles are for toothpicks sold,
And gingerbread is worth its weight in gold—

Men shall be honest, women hold their peace,
Sin shut up shop, and cuckold-making cease!

JWOHNY AND MARY.

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

YOUNG Mary was canny and bonny as onie lass,
Jwohny was lusty and weel to be seen;
Young Mary was aye the best dancer at murry-neets,
Jwohny had won monie a belt on the green:
Lang, lang they were sweethearts, and nwotish'd by neybors;
Th' auld fwok they talk'd, and oft bragg'd o' the twee,
For Jwohny thought nin i' the warl like young Mary,
And Mary thought Jwohny aw she wish'd to see.

A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort,
But woe be to him that oft drinks till blin fou!
Young Jwohny ae day off wi' big to the market,
And drank wi' some neybors, he little thought how;
His auld fadder watch'd till the black hour o' midneet;
Without his dear Jwohny the naig gal-lop'd heame.
They sought, and they fan him that mwornin i' Eden,
Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.

Auld Gibby he gowls, and aye talks of his Jwohny,
And sits by his greave, and oft meks a sad meane;
Peer Mary, the flow'r of aw flow'rs i' the parish,
Ne'er hods up her head now her Jwohny is geane.
The dangerous yell-house kills monie brave fellows;
To get heame quite swober can ne'er be thought wrang;
Nae guid comes o' drinking.—Ye lads aw around me,
At fair, or at market, aye think o' my sang!

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY MR. PRATT.

MANKIND are all *fish*, and I'll lay you a bet,
I prove that they all will come into the *net.*
The lawyer's a *shark*; and they who in shoals
Run into his jaws, must be *flats* or poor *soles.*
The *lobster*'s a turncoat, the sluggard a *snail*;
The curate a *shrimp*, and the vicar a *whale*;
The soldier's a *sword-fish*; the critic a *carp*,
That delights in the *mud*, and though wa-ry, bites sharp;
The heir is a *gold-fish*, but turns to *gull*;
True lovers are *oysters*, both silent and dull;
The poets are *spawn*, but are scarce worth a drag;
Young misses are *mackrel*, all caught by *red rag*:
Their swains, although *sly fish*, full fre-quently feel,
That a fair and fresh *mackrel* will turn to an *eel*.
A rake's a *dorado*, persisting and rude;
A beauty's a *flying-fish*, always pursued.
Thus by *hook* or by *crook* they are all to be caught,
Nay, some wise ones have said they are all to be *bought*;
Some at high, some at low, some at fair market price,
From a farthing per pound to a guinea a *slice*!
For *maids* that are good there's no price to be set,
But for those that won't keep, or will jump to the net,
They're not worth the scales on the back of a *dace*,
Though thousands are offer'd to catch a good place.

EPIGRAM ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure greater praise to her is due,
Who looks a hundred ways with two.